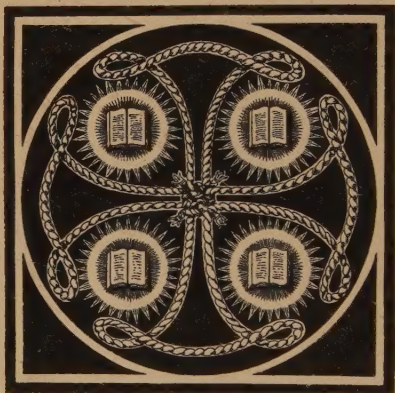




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THE
SILENT PASTOR;

OR,

CONSOLATIONS FOR THE SICK.

[Ware, John Fothergill
waterhouse]

"For all, who, battling through this life,
With anguish steeped, with evil rife,
Faint underneath the unending strife;

Dear for the sorrows they endure,
And dear to pitying God most sure,
Who makes his own by all means pure."

THIRD EDITION,
REVISED AND REWRITTEN.

BOSTON:
WALKER, WISE & COMPANY.

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TO THE THIRD EDITION.

It would be difficult to give any account of a book compiled as this has been. Of the original English work, scarcely more than the title and the introductory essay have been retained, while the changes from the first American edition are most radical. It is sent out again simply because our sick rooms need some such visitor. It does not pretend to supply the want, only to stand in the gap until something better shall offer.

J. F. W. W.

CAMBRIDGE, 18 Sept. 1863.

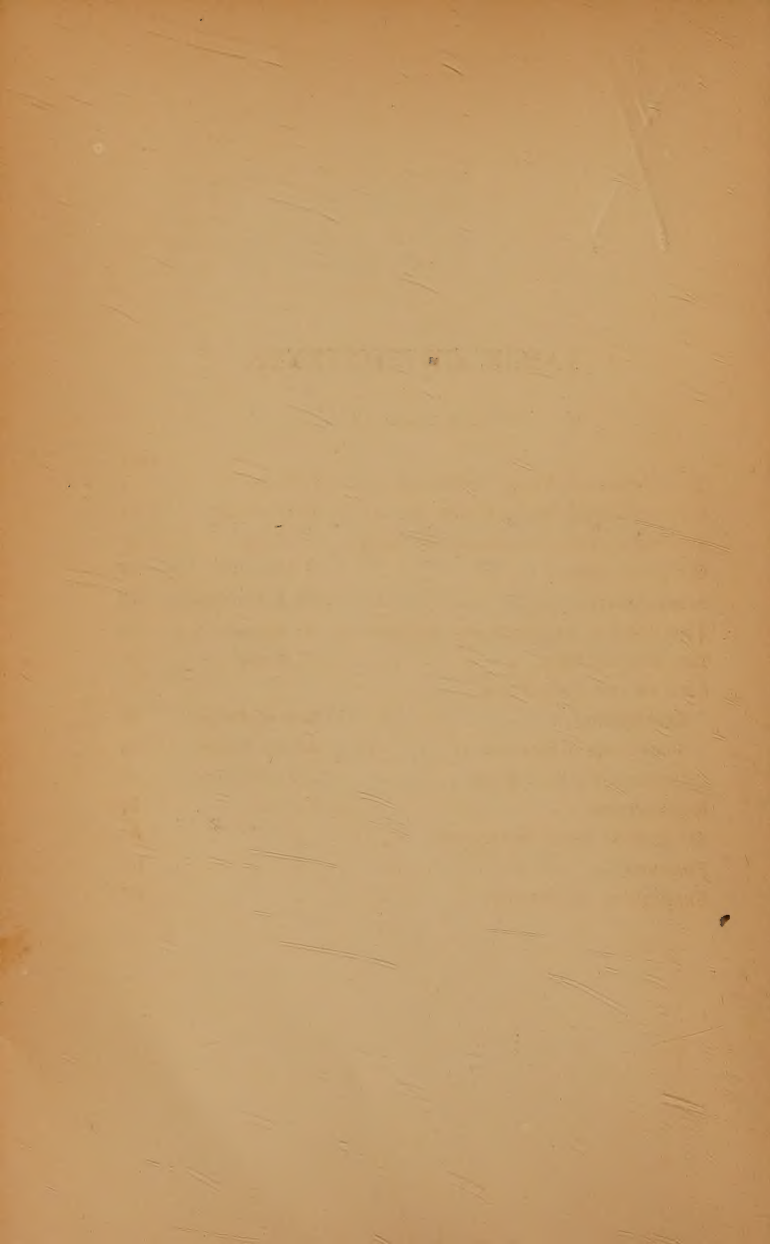


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THE SILENT PASTOR.

The Christian View of Sickness.

THAT sickness is most painful to bear, it were thoughtless to attempt to conceal. The sunk eye, the wan cheek, the trembling limbs, are distressing, even to the common beholder ; how much more distressing must it be to experience the pain, languor, and restlessness of which they are only the outward effects ! Agreeable and strengthening food, now nauseous and burdensome, though we so much need nourishment ; the soft, refreshing atmosphere, the sure forerunner of chills, fever, and cough, though our bodily frames are sinking from the want of its exhilarating embrace ; long nights of sweet, balmy sleep, no longer known, though in body and in spirit we are so weary ; the world rolling on as usual, — the sun rising and setting, — our fellow-men going forth to their labors, while we linger, helpless and suffering, upon our couch, — the ani-

l mating voice of morning, no less calling us in vain to our occupations, than the gentle voice of evening endeavoring to lull us to repose; anxious countenances everywhere around, eagerly watching for some faint indication of amendment; — all the circumstances of sickness confirm our own feelings, that our existence is no longer a pleasure, for the joy thereof has been withdrawn. We have deemed it, therefore, an object worthy a Christian pastor's attention, to attempt to afford some alleviation by viewing the subject through the medium of Christianity, by setting forth, and if possible, bringing home to the heart and conscience, our sublime Christian doctrines, prospects, and hopes.

And, first, we must remind our sick friend of what we learn on almost every page of the sacred Scriptures, that difficulties and suffering are a part of the divine economy for the final well-being and happiness of man, that God sends us losses, disappointments, and diseases, — not because He derives pleasure from our woes, or is indifferent as to whether we are in joy or tears, but to make us wiser, better, stronger, more like Jesus Christ, and more fit for everlasting life. Let me give a few drops from this inexhaustible fountain of consolation. "Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring from the ground." "Blessed is the man, whom thou chastenest, O Lord!" "Sorrow is better than laughter; for by the sadness of

the countenance, the heart is made better." Whence the noble Apostle Paul, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the vast scheme of human salvation, writes, "We glory in tribulation, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." We would say, therefore, to our sick brother, "Bear up with calmness and fortitude — thou dost indeed suffer — but the cup, which thy Father giveth thee, wilt thou not drink it? Bear up as cheerfully as thou canst, and thou wilt soon find that no unnecessary pang, anxiety, or grief has been allotted to thee!"

We propose, however, to do more than give this general reason for being reconciled to sickness; not, indeed, that we are in possession of any source of comfort more powerful to soothe and heal, than those plain promises to which we have referred, and which are within the reach alike of the unlearned and the learned, the poor and the rich; but while there are some events so utterly beyond our comprehension, that, though we have faith that they are wisely and mercifully ordained, we yet cannot discover the *method* in which the good is effected, — there are others respecting which fuller revelations are attainable from the books of nature and experience; and, when such is the case, it is not only gratifying to watch the beautiful course of Divine Providence, but it is also of great practical utility, as affording

us an opportunity of becoming fellow-laborers with Jesus and with God. Thus, with respect to sickness, we think we can, in addition to quoting passages from prophets and evangelists, show its benefit by living, tangible proofs.

It is *something*, though we would not lay very great stress on it, that sickness alone enables us to appreciate the blessing of health. When the bodily functions proceed uninterruptedly for a great length of time, the natural result, as we must all feel, is a tendency to forget how highly favored we are. We know that we have a heart, as a fact in anatomy, but we are ignorant of the vast difference between tumultuous throbbings, and a gentle and equal, yet vigorous circulation ; we are aware of the existence of a stomach, but, being never troubled with weight, and pain, and nausea, we scarcely ever think of its complicated structure, and its indispensable uses ; and so we fall insensibly into a habit of eating, drinking, and breathing, and lying down and rising up — all as a matter of course, as if we had no particular privileges. How different, however, is it with us, when we have just recovered from a severe attack of illness. Laying aside our weakness and ailments, we are new beings ; going forth from our dreary chamber, we seem to be entering a world grown brighter and happier since we last left it ; a keener relish attends our appetite, than we had ever before experienced ; our hushed and tranquil slumbers form

a most delightful contrast to our tedious, wakeful nights ; and then, more than all, the first day of our entering among the beauties of nature ! never shall we forget the thrill and the glow that have penetrated our whole frame at such a time ; the bright and warm sun shining, — how cheering and animating is its light ! — every breath of air (and we seemed to taste it), laden with energy ; unnumbered cheerful voices, as it were, welcoming us from hill, and dale, and wood ; the pleasant sound of business and of labor greeting us on every side ; in a word, every thing touching a cord of sympathy that vibrates through our system, — we cannot think that we express ourselves too strongly, when we affirm that it is on such occasions that we learn what health is. Many an one in the fulness of his enjoyment has made the confession, and has declared himself to be amply repaid for all that he has endured. What we lay far more stress on, however, is, that as we exclaim, What a glorious world is earth ! how genial and invigorating the air ! how magnificent the products of the soil ! how magnificent the clear blue firmament ! a thought of our Creator mingles with and hallows our admiration, a fire of devotion is kindled within our bosoms, and the incense of gratitude rises up to heaven !

From the world without, we now hasten to that world within, where we doubt not we shall be able to point out still deeper and more spiritual manifesta-

tions. *How are our hearts, minds, and consciences, affected by sickness!* for that, after all, is the main thing.

Our burden of pain and anguish appears too great for us to bear, our hearts sink, we need succor; to whom shall we Christians go but to Jesus, who hath said, "Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and to whom will he lead us but unto the Father? Thus one unspeakable advantage is that of *being drawn near to God*. If the blessing of health after recovery raise man's soul toward God, there is something that incites us to far more frequent, and earnest, and holy communion — we mean *want or suffering*. It ought not so to be, but so it is, — when most is withheld from us, and not when we are most bountifully supplied, are we most given to thanksgiving. Accordingly, were we asked to point out one in whom the fire of devotion burns most brightly, we should answer, There, in the bosom of that invalid, who praises God more for the fraction of health he is permitted to retain, than yonder robust man, who cannot tell you what indisposition is. If, then, the pale thin face be most frequently turned toward the skies; if the trembling hands be most fervently lifted up; if the weak voice be most tuned to prayer, — are the visitations of disease so unnecessary as we are sometimes wont to imagine?

Not only, however, is there the weight of what

we endure, there is also a consequent operation of our minds, *the apprehension of death*, which is likewise very salutary. "It is appointed unto men once to die," is a sentence with which we have been acquainted from our childhood; but *to die, to lie down in the quiet grave*, are words which we do not realize, till the silver thread of our own lives becomes loosened. What a mighty change is then brought about, as regards our estimation of temporal and eternal interests! Houses, lands, titles, rank, wealth, on which we lay so much stress, all seem bubbles, that may at any moment burst, and forever; life itself, which appeared all in all, assumes the aspect of a thin vapor, which a ray of the sun, or a breath of wind, may disperse; earth, in which were centred all our plans and operations, is regarded as a simple place of sojourn, a mere land of pilgrimage; and now, upon the ruins of all that we had before deemed great, and solid, and valuable, rise before us in their true loveliness and grandeur, — not vague theories, not sunny visions, — but the realities of heaven and eternity. "My mind (said one, whose earthly existence was fast drawing to a close), my mind is crowded with thoughts, — precious thoughts of death and immortality." Is not then sickness indeed a benefit to us, if it thus draw away our thoughts and affections from the fading and transitory of earth, and lift them up to things above? Truly, as well as poetically, has it been written:

"Thou art like night, O sickness! deeply stilling
 Within my heart the world's disturbing sound,
 And the dim quiet of my chamber filling,
 With low, sweet voices, by life's tumult drown'd.
 Thou art like awful night! — thou gatherest round
 ✓ The things that are unseen, tho' close they lie —
 And with a truth, clear, startling and profound,
 Giv'st their dread presence to our mental eye.

"Thou art like starry, spiritual night!
 High and immortal thoughts attend thy way,
 And revelations, which the common light
 Brings not, though wakening with its rosy ray
 All outward life. Be welcome, then, thy rod,
 Before whose touch my soul unfolds itself to God!"*

Nor is this all. There is, almost as a necessary result of this change in our views and prospects, *an awakening of conscience*, a deep spiritual thoughtfulness on practical duties, and a most sanctifying and elevating influence on our whole character. Seeing that the material universe will be dissolved, we are struck with the immense importance of the question, What manner of men ought we to be? A searching retrospect is made of our past lives; all adventitious circumstances being removed, every thing is judged by the unfailing standards of truth and goodness: then falls the silent tear of penitence, and the one object which henceforth appears worth living for, is to become like Christ, fit for the

divine presence and the abodes of the blessed.* Ought we not, then, to be in a great measure reconciled to an appointment, wherein we can trace so manifest a tendency to build us up to the full stature of the perfect man?

In thus describing the fruits of sickness, we are earnestly desirous others should *feel* as we do, that we are not dealing in mere gratifying speculations; what we have stated is confirmed by great and good men without number, of all nations and ages. Go we back to antiquity, we have a testimony from an observing heathen, — “I had lately (he remarks) an opportunity of seeing, in my attendance on a

* “If (observes Pope in a letter to Sir Richard Steele), what Waller says be true, that

‘The soul’s dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made;’

then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our out-works.”

“Sickness is one of God’s kindest messengers, to put us in mind of our folly, and incogitance, and excess, in health: and how discomposed and disconsolate soever it renders our thoughts, it awakens those that have long slept, and presents many things to our clearest view, which we had laid aside, never to be thought of more.” — *Clarendon*.

friend in a languishing state, how much better we all are for sickness: for avarice and vice then lose their hold upon us; we are no more slaves to our irregular passions; the honors of the world are no allurements to us; its wealth we slight, finding that, be our pittance ever so small, it will serve us to our journey's end. At such seasons, we think of God, and remember that we ourselves are mortal; we neither envy nor despise others, nor take a malignant pleasure in hearing their faults exposed." And now let Christians bear witness. One, who was at the same time one of our greatest philosophers, and most learned and pious followers of Christ, in reviewing his pilgrimage, as he approached the vale of years, declares, "I even think it an advantage to me, and am truly thankful for it, that my health received the check that it did, when I was young; since a muscular habit, from high health and strong spirits, is not, I think, in general, accompanied with that sensibility of mind, which is favorable both to piety and to speculative pursuits." And an eminent American divine, not long since gathered to his fathers, speaks thus in a letter to a young friend: "There was a time, when we thought it was commanded you speedily to join the company of those who have entered on their reward. Thacher is gone, and others stand feebly in their places, so that we are doubly grateful for every one who is threatened and yet spared. I dare say that

you have felt as much thankfulness on account of the sickness itself, as on account of its removal, because you must have found it a most salutary discipline." And do you not remember the emphatic and solemnly impressive manner, in which, as if a new light had just burst in upon him, the late Dr. Arnold, a few hours before he closed his eyes, never to re-open them, bade his son "thank God for pain?" We might enumerate, almost to any extent, instances of a similar kind; we might refer to Cowper, to whose mental and bodily sufferings we are, partly at least, indebted for his poetry; to Lardner, from whom, in all probability, we should never have had, had it not been for his deafness, that inestimable work, the influence of which is felt much wider than its name is known,— "The Credibility of the Gospel History;" and to Dr. Kitto, who is, in this our day, pouring forth such treasures of general and theological information, and who was transformed from a common bricklayer into a literary man, by an accident, which cost him his hearing and his speech! But need we go further than your own history, and that of your kindred and friends, for examples—many beautiful examples—of the thoughtless having turned to reflection, the impious to prayer, and the hard-hearted to gentleness,—of those in whom a rapid disease has been outstripped by the spirit's ascent heavenwards,—by its progress in love and tenderness, and great principles?

What a weighty consideration, then, is it that “the touching decay, the gradual unclothing of the mortal body, seem to be a putting on of the garments of immortal beauty and life! That pale cheek; that placid brow; that sweet serenity spread over the whole countenance; that spiritual, almost supernatural, brightness of the eye, as if light from another world already shone through it; that noble and touching disinterestedness of the parting spirit, which utters no complaint, which breathes no sigh, which speaks no word of fear or apprehension to wound its friend, which is calm, and cheerful, and natural, and self-sustained, amidst daily declining strength, and the sure approach to death; and then, at length, when concealment is no longer possible, that last, firm, triumphant, consoling discourse, and that last look of all mortal tenderness, and immortal trust,” — O, who would ever maintain that such unfading treasures are dearly purchased by any deprivation we could experience during our little threescore years and ten?

We cannot help thinking we have already accomplished what we proposed at the commencement of our discourse; but our subject is not yet exhausted, — one principal consideration remains to be disclosed. *Sickness is the method appointed by our Almighty Father for transferring us from these temporal regions; which we now inhabit, to those eternal regions at His right hand; or, as the*

learned and pious Whiston hath said, it is “the bridge, which carries the good man over from time to eternity, from sorrow to joy, from care and fear to his Father’s house, from earth to heaven.” How can our feeble pen adequately describe what “God hath prepared for them that love Him?” We can only employ dim images of a glory and a happiness, which “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which have never (fully) entered into the heart of man.” Even the sacred writers themselves seem to have been at a loss for a sufficient phrase, and, therefore, adopt every thing that is blessed and lasting, as a figurative representation of the spiritual state; it was Paradise, with which we connect fond ideas of beauty, innocence, and enjoyment; it was the bright firmament above our heads, whither we are wont to look, when we lift up our hands in prayer; it was termed heavenly Jerusalem, and eternal inheritance, and the “just made perfect” were said “to sit with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob;” nay, more than all, “I heard a voice out of heaven (writes the author of the apocalyptic vision), saying, ‘God will dwell with us, and we shall be His people: God Himself will be *with us, and be our God.*’” What! is sickness the divinely-appointed means of conveying us hence to such an abode, and yet, when our summons cometh, we hold back and cry, “Not yet, spare us a little longer?”

It will be well for us not to pass too hastily over

the Christian's conception of heaven. What does it matter that we know neither in what part of the universe it is situated, nor with what bodies we shall be clothed? What are all such things compared with the one vital truth, that we shall be in the presence of our God, and behold His more immediate glory, and enter into a closer and holier communion with Him, than we can now conceive? Can we possibly wish more for our last breath, than that it should enable us, though in broken accents, to utter, "I go to my *Father*, I shall rest in my *Father's* bosom, I am henceforth to dwell with my *Father* for evermore?" Can we possibly need more information, than that we shall have God's love and confidence, become His messengers, assist in carrying out His great scheme of universal redemption, and hold with Him a spiritual intercourse, that shall do more than any thing else can, to raise us in the scale of being, to assimilate us to the Infinite? — Not only, however, will our sickness introduce us to the more immediate presence of God, but it will also introduce us to that of his best-beloved Son, the "once crucified, but now exalted Jesus." We shall see him as he is, face to face. He will take us by the hand, and call us his brethren. Notwithstanding all we have read of him, in those faithful Gospel narratives, he is now a stranger compared with what he will become; and, much as he has already done for our souls, how much more

will he do when he is constantly with us, when we are enabled to drink so much more deeply of his godlike spirit, when, with minds enlarged and hearts improved, we become more alive to his unrivalled greatness, and when, having a common cause, we all work together to carry out the stupendous plans of everlasting mercy!—But another joy awaits us still. There also shall we meet apostles, martyrs, philanthropists, philosophers—all, who by being faithful unto death, have won the crown of life, and with them shall we participate in the new light continually bursting forth, and the fresh fields of usefulness and improvement ever unfolding themselves. Happy community! and such the society which we are to join when we enter the kingdom of God, when sickness has released us from our fetters of flesh. Nor even yet have we described all the attractions of that bright, celestial land. As we mingle with the multitude, which no man can number, we look (to use human language) with eager eyes for familiar faces, we listen with anxious ears for well-remembered tones, as all that is wanting to fill our cup of bliss;—and there they are; there is the beloved father, who, when he had trained and guided his offspring so carefully through the season of youth, was called away just as they were becoming old enough to feel how much they owed him; there are dear sisters, with whom we had so frequently walked hand in hand, and enjoyed our

childish games, and sat around the social hearth, and knelt side by side at prayer; there are those kindred spirits, whose companionship was so improving and gladdening, and whose absence at first rendered us so desolate, that we were ready to exclaim, "We will go and die with them;" and there are others, whom, though we have never seen them, we know so well from the frequent and glowing reminiscences to which with such untiring and breathless attention we have listened, and whom we admire and love so warmly for their piety and their virtues: can we, then, be so very sad at the thought of bidding farewell to all things here below, when such rapturous scenes await us, and when especially those, whom we leave behind, may so truly say of us, "Though they return no more, yet we shall go to them?" No; our Christian feelings and hopes forbid us to "love too well that life that keeps us from a better, or to fear that death that leads us to a better life," and incline us rather to follow the example of a celebrated Queen,* who, blaming her ladies and women, when she observed them weeping about her bed, said, "Weep not for me, I pray you; for God, by this sickness, calls me hence to enjoy a better life; and now I shall enter into the desired haven, toward which this frail vessel of mine has been a long time steering."†

* Jane, Queen of Navarre.

† "In our long leisure, all sweet and soothing associations of

Thus to the firm Christian believer, what animating prospects present themselves ! We say to the *firm believer*, for in that word is there a serious import. There is a class of persons, who, though they call themselves Christians, shrink from death just as much as if the day-spring from on high had never visited them ; and the reason is, that notwithstanding their glowing and eloquent delineations of a hereafter, they do not really hold the Christian faith in its power. They know not Christ, and therefore the sting of death is not at all taken away. We see not how any other explanation can be given ; for such a dread of death is altogether inconsistent with attaching any admissible signification to Christ's doctrine of immortality, and to those truly consolatory words, "I ascend to my Father and to your Father, to my God and to your God,"

rest,—of relief from anxiety and wearing thought,—of re-entrance upon society (a society how sanctified !),—of the realization of our best conceptions of what is holy, noble, perfect,—all affections, all aspirations, gather round the idea of Death, till it recurs at all our best moments, and becomes an abiding thought of peace and joy. . . . It is no slight privilege to have that grand idea which necessarily confronts every one of us, all clothed with loveliness *instead of horror*, or mere mystery." — *Life in the Sick Room*.

"I was lately speaking to a tender-hearted woman who had known suffering, but not torment, of more than one case of persons, who, dying slowly under a torturing disease, simply and naturally declared, shortly before death, the season of their illness to have been the happiest part of their lives." — *Ibid*.

and "Because I live, ye shall live also." But it is indeed time that every one of us had learnt that Christianity, to be of any use at all, must *mean something* in our own minds and hearts; pleasing visions, beautiful poetry, or flitting shadows, will no more sustain and comfort us in adversity, than they will form our characters and animate our lives. We want *reality*; reality only can satisfy us. The things around us are realities, — riches are a reality, pleasure is a reality, worldly elevation is a reality, and how can it be supposed we should be willing to leave all these for mere peradventures and longings? The world of spirits, therefore, must be to us as much real as the Continent of Europe or America; and the God who dwells there must be no fiction; and our Saviour must be that Saviour who walked in Palestine eighteen centuries ago, and the saints and the martyrs must be, not images or pictures, but actual beings; and our dear friends, father, mother, children, brothers, sisters, all must be to us, not mere objects of fancy, but as truly alive as they used to be when they were with us on the earth; every thing must have the sure stamp of *reality* upon it, else no wonder that with the fading senses, and the dwindling frame, the heart sinks low indeed. We should feel as the little child did in that admirable poem by Wordsworth, entitled, "We are Seven." Five were at home, and two lay beneath "the church-yard tree;" yet they were *seven* still.

“ ‘How many are you, then,’ said I,
‘If they two are in Heaven?’
Quick was the little maid’s reply,
‘O master! we are seven!’
‘But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!’
’Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, ‘Nay, we are seven.’”

And she was right — there were as truly seven then as ever. Do we understand what our Lord meant, when he spoke of “receiving the kingdom of God as a little child?” Such a faith, — a faith which should see the departed living, which should feel no more doubt of their being alive, than of the existence of those who are constantly in sight, which in imagination should hold almost daily converse with them, — how it would purify, strengthen, and elevate us!

We should not be giving a full and candid utterance to our own opinion and feelings on this momentous subject, were we not most unreservedly to state our conviction, that our own conduct with reference to those who have left, and those who are leaving, the present world, is frequently most inconsistent with our Christian profession, and most pernicious in its tendency. The common practical view of sickness among Christians, what is it but that the greatest of all calamities has befallen us? An incurable

disease, what a blight it casts on every thing around, though mortality may be regarded as an incurable disease with us all! How few are there, who, when they visit a sufferer, do not depress, rather than encourage him! Instead of looking, and bidding him look, to the effect on his character, reminding him that not one pang is really endured in vain; instead of pointing toward heaven, bountiful, gentle heaven, whence all good, and whence nothing but good, proceeds, and talking of the bright days coming, either here or in nobler spheres, — we speak just as if there were nothing to care for but a prolongation of his years, and act just as if it were a thing too dreadful to think of, that he should be called away — to Paradise! * And when a fellow-

* “One, and another, and another, comes to us with an earnest pressing upon us of the ‘hope of relief,’ — that talisman which looks so well till its virtues are tried! They tell us of renewed health and activity, — of what it will be to enjoy ease again, — to be useful again, — to shake off our troubles, and be as we once were. We sigh, and say it may be so; but they see that we are neither roused nor soothed by it. Then one speaks differently, — tells us we shall never be better, — that we shall continue for long years as we are, or shall sink into deeper disease and death; adding, that pain, and disturbance, and death are indissolubly linked with the indestructible life of the soul, and supposing that we are willing to be conducted on in this eternal course by Him whose thoughts and ways are not as ours, — but whose tenderness. . . . Then how we burst in, and take up the word! What have we not to say from the abundance of our hearts, — of that benignity, — that transcendent wisdom, — our willingness, — our eagerness, — our sweet security, — till we are silenced by our unutterable joy?” — *Life in the Sick Room.*

creature dies, so terrible would his fate seem, that we scarcely dare mention it, and accordingly henceforth we seldom allude to him; and when we do, we prefix that epithet of pity, *poor*, — designating him always our “poor brother,” as if God were no longer his Father, as if he were still, and would remain forever, in the cold, lonely grave, — and not as if he were a companion of angels, admitted to the highest of all privileges, and exulting in boundless love, knowledge, and freedom! When the late Dr. Follen was spoken to concerning death, his answer was, “I am not going to die, I am going to live — life is before me, not death — life, never-ending life; what we call death is only one of the incidents of life. Death is the final revelation and confirmation of immortality.” How truly Christian is this! and how Christian, too, “the words of a gifted lady, upon reading the obituary of Henry Ware, — ‘I see Henry Ware has *passed on*.’ Passed on — beautiful thought! He has not stopped; he has not ceased to be; he has passed on in faith and duty and love to higher labors, and undefiled reward!” No wonder disease and death are so repulsive to the generality of mankind, when we shroud in gloom the prospects of those whose health is declining, and the memories of those who are gone. If they are actually removed to a state quite as real, only more bright and beautiful than any earthly clime; if they have nothing to fear along

the dark valley of the shadow of death, because God lighteth and leadeth them; if Jesus and God, and the good of all ages, and all their own dearest friends, be with them now, — what reason can there be for preserving such a profound and awful silence about them? When a friend travels to the other side of the globe to end his days, we converse respecting him with delight and freedom. Would, therefore, that we had more of Christianity in our behavior at the closing scenes of life! The fountain of tears of course must and will flow; but our grief should be moderated by our Christian principles, and, — never disconnecting the inseparable clauses, “He has left the world; he is gone to the Father,” — we should banish the word “disconsolate,” as nowhere appropriate beneath the Divine rule. — Not even to outward emblems of bereavement have we any objection, providing always they have a Christian meaning: but we would rather call them memorials than “mourning,” and they should express — not that a sore calamity has befallen us, and we have sunk into despondency, but simply, “a loved one has been called home — his chair is vacant — his spirit has returned to the Creator — our meditations follow him — the prevailing character of our minds is quiet and thoughtful — we think often of death and immortality.” And, believing that “those who sleep in Jesus” are not objects of pity, but are still under the protecting wings of

divine love, we would speak of them as we would speak of those who dwell prosperously and happily in foreign lands, only always remembering that there is in all God's universe no land so blooming and joyous as that into which they have entered. How much less lonely would our journey down the vale of years seem! What is more, what a wide and sacred field of profitable experience and instruction would become familiar to us!—And when, from pain or infirmity, we ourselves are weary of this anxious, toilsome life, instead of fearing to yield it up, because we have not *seen* what lieth in store for us, we should joyfully exclaim, — “ Our course is ended, let us lay down our ashes with those of our fathers, that we may follow their spirits to life and glory everlasting! ” *

To those who entertain these Christian views, what does it matter at what *period* we walk,

* “ In no case of permanent illness can I conceive this idea (of our departure, and entrance upon another life) to be otherwise than familiar, under one aspect or another ; so familiar, as that it is astonishing to us that we can obtain so little conversation upon it as a reality — a certainty in full view. To us this seems more extraordinary than it would be if the friends of Parry, and Franklin, or Back, were, as the season for a Polar expedition drew nigh, to talk to them about every thing else, but be constrained and shy on that. I say ‘ more extraordinary,’ because it is not everybody that is bound, sooner or later, to the North Pole, but only a few crews ; whereas all have an interest in the passage of that other, that ‘ narrow sea,’ and in the ‘ better country ’ which is its further shore.” — *Life in the Sick Room.*

and when we quit the earth? "Those that three thousand years ago died unwillingly, and stopped death two days or a week, what is their gain? where is that week?" The act of existence — this, this is the all-important thing. "He has lived" — how much is implied in these few words! He was alive, he trod the earth, he filled up one vacancy in society; in the mind of the Christian, how many delightful anticipations are inseparably bound up with these simple statements! Such an one has lived, is to him as much as to say, he will live again, he will live forever. If he lived here, he will live also hereafter; if he were an inhabitant of the present world, he will be an inhabitant likewise of the eternal regions; if he filled up one vacancy in the society of earth, there is one vacancy for him in the society of heaven. Thus how immeasurably more important is the fact of life, than the age in which we were born, the generation to which we belong, the period in which we sink into our rest!

Methinks I hear from some poor, sorrowing pilgrims, "What you have said is perfectly true, and very encouraging, but it is a most difficult thing for us to feel as we ought; we are so weak and so low-spirited." And we would be the last not to make allowance for such. Who is there, knowing any thing of life, who has not felt the difficulty, and will not sympathize with them from the heart? who that

is acquainted with bodily infirmities, has not frequently, with trembling, exclaimed, "Lord, help thou mine unbelief?" Did not Christ himself experience a similar feeling, when, in the garden of Gethsemane, he struggled and prayed, and great drops as it were of blood fell from him, and when, in the agony of his apprehensions, he implored of his Father, that if it were possible, this cup of bitterness might pass from him? But, though there was the same feeling, it was never allowed to obtain the mastery; there was the "if it be possible," showing that the power within was not overcome; and there was the noble conclusion, "nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done," evincing that he had won the victory; and then descended an angel from heaven with congratulations and comfort. Such conflicts are natural; they are *the hardships*. Sickness, affliction, were nothing without them, — but it is *rising up with our burden on our backs, that proves our strength*. We cannot, however, suddenly become men in spirit; we must *grow* up to our full stature by exercise and deprivations and prayer. Our answer, therefore, to those whose hearts are sinking within them, is, "Be not discouraged, resolve yet to overcome every outward feeling, — you have numberless aids within your reach, — you are sure to succeed, if you will only have patience and perseverance.* Will you,

* "If the sickness be but continued long enough, — if the struggle be not broken off before it is fairly exhausted, — victory

for a moment, admit that your Father in heaven, who tempers the blast to the shorn lamb, would render your powers of endurance, and your sufferings, disproportionate? Rise, then, immortal spirit, that hast so much within thee, rise from thy low estate; thou wilt continually rise higher, and grow calmer and stronger, thou wilt still be hailed by the saints of light, as one who hath conquered sin and the grave!"

In conclusion, we would set forth a few plain rules, whereby we believe our sick friends are most likely to make the disposition we have been recommending, their own.

1. *Always treat and speak of sickness and death, as they are represented by Christianity.* Follow no customs that prevailed at, and are suited only to a time when life and immortality had yet to be brought to light. Let your faith in a glorious hereafter appear—not only in your creeds, and in your services in the sanctuary, but also in your occupations in the world, and in your conduct in your homes.

2. *Regulate well your habits of reading, reflec-*

will declare itself on the side of peace. We may be long in passing through the experience of weakness, humiliation and submission; but up, through acquiescence we must rise, sooner or later,—true things separating themselves infallibly from the transient, and all that is important revealing itself in its due proportions, till our vision is cleared, and our hearts are at rest."—*Life in the Sick Room*, p. 210.

tion, and prayer. You may not be able to read much. Let a portion at least of what you read be calculated to familiarize you with trial, with the example of Jesus and of good men, with God's love and with heaven. How delightful and appropriate are some of the Psalms, and parts of the Gospels and Epistles! Valuable selections, moreover, may be made from our own best authors.

Sickness must always, and necessarily, give rise to *reflection*. Let therefore the thoughts flow in a suitable channel. Instead of murmuring within yourselves, "How much worse off are we than our fellow-creatures," indulge in a loftier, holier strain; "God calls us forth to suffering,—we will go through it bravely,—we know not what the issue may be, but God knows, for he appoints it,—at some time we must bend our way to that bourn, whence no traveller returneth, but God will lead us, and then shall we be admitted to joys and privileges, which our imagination cannot yet conceive."

And most sustaining at such a season is *prayer*. Let nothing prevent your holding frequent, heartfelt communion with the Father of your spirits. You cannot go up to the house of prayer with the multitude on the Lord's day, you cannot kneel down at the family altar, but He condescends to come down into the smallest chamber, when a pure and contrite heart is there; your feeblest strains not less

certainly reach His ear than do the acclamations of united millions.

3. Above all, let us impress upon you the necessity of resolving in all circumstances to fit your souls for life or death by cultivating that *practical goodness*, which is the sum and substance of all religion. By goodness, of course we do not mean the cold, calculating morality of the schools. We include our whole Christian duty ; our duty to God, as our Father, requiring love and obedience ; to mankind, as our brethren, asking for our affection and sympathy ; and to ourselves, as heirs of immortality, needing purity of heart, and continual steadfastness in well-doing. Such a goodness as Sir Walter Scott spoke of, when, just before he quitted his tenement of clay, he called his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, to him, and said, "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man — be virtuous — be religious — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort, when you come to lie here." Such a goodness as the immortal Locke had in view, when he penned that letter to a friend, to be delivered after his decease, in which he writes, "This life is a scene of vanity, that soon passes away, and affords no solid satisfaction, but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hope of another life. This is what I can say upon experience, and what you will find to be true, when

you come to make up your account." And such a goodness as an aged minister had in his mind, when "at his last interview with a brother minister, having expatiated for some time on the importance of practical religion, he begged his friend to enforce it upon his hearers, as the highest of all human concerns; and tell them," added he, speaking with the authority of a dying man, "tell them I say so!"* Determine upon leading a life as much as possible like what you imagine would exist among the angels of light. Nor must you resolve merely that you will begin when you get well; the commencement must be made *now*. Though you are withheld from society, you have yet means and opportunities of goodness. Can you not be cheerfully submissive to God's all-wise appointments? Can you not endeavor to give as little trouble as possible to those around you? Can you not show your gratitude to them for their kindness, in a thousand little ways? Can you not do much toward laying the foundation of a very great improvement in your character? How much may you do! In your silent retreat, you may become great, yea, godlike. We maintain that there

* "I know of but one remedy against the fear of death that is effectual, and that will stand the test either of a sick-bed, or of a sound mind;—and that is, a *good life*, a clear conscience, an honest heart, and a well-ordered conversation; to carry the thoughts of dying men about us, and so to live before we die, as we shall wish we had when we come to it." — *Norris*.

is no act of nobler virtue, than to be calm, self-sustained, and devout amidst tribulation and anguish. You may rise above the hero or the philosopher ; in your chamber, you may accomplish within yourselves a work which will outlive oceans and stars.*

In now bidding our friend farewell, we will only add that this our pastoral visit will have been to us, as well as to you, a profitable one indeed, if we have undertaken the office of comforter to some purpose. We have spoken to you from our hearts ; and we trust that what we have said will find a ready access to your hearts. We have declared, as well as we could in so short a space, what we deemed the whole counsel of God respecting sickness. And now we commend you to Him, even our Father, who hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through Jesus Christ. May He comfort you, and stablish you in every good word and work.

* "If we cannot pursue a trade or a science, or keep house, or help the state, or write books, or earn our own bread, or that of others, we can do the work to which all this is only subsidiary, — we can cherish a sweet and holy temper, — we can vindicate the supremacy of mind over body, — we can, in defiance of our liabilities, minister pleasure and hope to the gayest who come prepared to receive pain from the spectacle of our pain ; we can, here as well as in heaven's courts hereafter, reveal the angel growing into its immortal aspect, which is the highest achievement we could propose to ourselves, or that grace from above could propose to us, if we had a free choice of all possible conditions of human life." — *Life in the Sick Room.*

Compensations of the Sick Room.

It would be worth our while to trace, amidst the desolations which disease creates, the footsteps of that mercy which descends to repair them. We do not admit to our minds freely enough the lights which might gild, if they could not dissipate, the clouds which brood over them. God forbid that we should represent as less than they are the sorrows of the sick. They can hardly be spoken of unreservedly to the healthy and happy, without the semblance of exaggeration. But they who will enter the dark retreats which cover them, may know for themselves what those sorrows are. Others cannot know by being told. Yet sternly, terribly, as the evils in the prison-house of the victim to disease may frown upon us, there are good angels among them, whom having seen, we remember forever with inexpressible tenderness and joy.

One element among those most obvious in this sad condition, is the deep, entire, often dreary seclusion it implies. In health we range far and wide, unrestrained. Our track is on the morning dews "o'er every pleasant hill and dale;" we linger at night-fall by the murmuring brook, or the shore which echoes the moan of the sea. Nature opens for us

all her springs of delight. Society awaits our coming, with other pleasures and gifts of instruction to bestow. And there are yet other resources for mind and for body, wholesome and not without their charms, in the scenes where business traffics. This free contact with a thousand varieties of outward objects and interests is replete with spiritual uses. We lose and forget ourselves in the open world. Collision brings out thoughts and feelings which had else slept within us, and the soul may be thus enriched, and is always quickened and animated. The intellectual activity receives here direction as well as impulse, and when tending to excess is conducted off through many safe channels. But with health this liberty passes away. The invalid must dwell apart where the world will not follow him. He has few severer pangs than the one which accompanies the conviction, that he is henceforth cut off from free intercourse with nature and society, and has no longer a part in the common business and amusements of life. Long will images of objects once cherished, but abandoned now, continue to haunt his waking and his sleeping hours. In his feverish dreams he resumes suspended tasks, stands at the wonted desk and writes, makes sales, calculates accounts; or he revisits favorite places, sits beneath the tree on the rock which he rested by when a child, joins the merry ring on the green sward, kneels on the hassock with his parents to

pray. But he wakes to find it only a dream. He is alone in a retirement from which he can seldom, perhaps never, be withdrawn. Not his, the solitude which the scholar knows well to enliven. Happy were it so. With his aching frame and unstrung nerves, few studies could be made compatible, supposing he had the disposition and the means to pursue them. Not his, the solitude of the artist; those are brighter and happier hours than his, which are spent with pallet, pen, or chisel in hand, however spent alone. Intelligence with him has put off its dignities, and genius has done with her creations. The hands which hang down and the feeble knees, are no more unsuitable to their wonted uses, than the higher faculties to their former employments, in their present drooping and spiritless condition. He sits, alike in pain or quietness, idle, or with varied expedients, all poor enough, to keep from seeming idle. What exertions of mind or body he puts forth are so different from those he once made, that he can find nothing in them to raise self-esteem, though they help to beguile the sorrows he must still endure. Other and yet darker incidents overshadow the picture, but we will not name them. Enough, if we have indicated what is implied in sequestration from the common paths and interests of men.

And have we any offset to all this? There is one, arising from the very circumstances that pro-

duce the evils we have adverted to. In exclusion and banishment, amidst dreariness and despondence, when heart and flesh are failing, the soul obtains a new, and a more profound conviction than it ever had before, of the highest truths. How does it then begin to apprehend as a reality the great presence of God! He was near in happier scenes and hours, as He is in these. But many other objects were interposed, which turned the thoughts from Him, or attracted to themselves what should have been His alone. In the captivity which has torn it away from them, it is restored to Him. God becomes to the soul then a refuge and solace, when the idols it had suffered to supplant Him have been all destroyed.

There are few situations in which man feels his relation to God, and his dependence on the Divine mercy more sensibly, than in the solitude created by a hopeless disease. The stillness necessary to the shattered frame is propitious to the holiest thoughts and emotions. The humiliations which are attendant upon infirmity and pain bring low, even into the dust before him, whatever exalteth itself against God. The helplessness, that knows not what to do nor where to look for relief, carries us to Him who is able to supply all our need. Ah! with what emphasis might a sick and dying man reiterate the exclamation, "I have heard of Thee with the hearing of the ear, but *now* mine eye seeth Thee!"

With its new sense of God, the afflicted and humbled spirit attains also a better knowledge of itself. The essential worth of a human soul is effectually taught by the process which takes all its dross away. Life in the sick room is existence stripped of its factitious adornments, from which all pomp and pride and festal shows, the glory of man, have departed. Whatever had been fuel to vanity, is consumed in that furnace; all that was beautiful to the eye of a fond self-esteem is marred there; but beneath these, is disclosed what outvies them by an infinite value. It is when man has seen all distinctions but moral ones reduced to nothing, and has learned how unavailing are riches and titles and pleasures to meet life's sorest exigence, and prepare for death's severing blow, that he begins to know in what his own worth consists. And in the penitent endeavor to repair what by the frailty of his nature and his own sinfulness has been lost of that true worth, he has a consolation which beguiles him of all that is bitter in the thought of other losses, which he wants power to make good again.

To the better knowledge of himself, and more intimate communion with God, the discipline of his peculiar lot will add, for the invalid's solace, a more adequate appreciation of his fellow-beings. They who minister to his wants, give him the daily blessing of their sympathy, and lavish their affection upon him, are understood now and valued as they deserve.

His dependence upon their assistance and care for the alleviations which his suffering state admits, makes him feel how little he deserves in comparison with the much which he receives. Their sacrifices of rest and ease and enjoyment for his sake, teach him the disinterestedness which he requires to have constantly in exercise, if he would not sink from wretchedness to self-contempt and despair. How the voices penetrate us, which "whisper of peace" to our sick hearts! What a beauty is there in the smile that beams within our close apartment! How we welcome the kind ones, who come to break the long stillness of our solitary room with their pleasant words! Then are love's divinest offices made known to the soul. And to the help of our purer purposes and humbler efforts to improve the fruit of the sharp teachings of pain, comes the strong impulse which is imparted by the virtues in others which have so redounded to our good.

Yet another element in the spiritual process which is going on amidst the sorrows of sickness, is the deeper conviction obtained through them of the value of our Christian faith and hope. It is when the night of life's direst experience has fallen upon us, when the true light pours down upon a mind bewildered and fainting in an untried, unimagined way, that the Gospel proves itself divine. "He that believeth hath," then, "the witness in himself." The conviction produced in life's best and happiest

hours, cherished amidst every vicissitude, having borne the soul onward in peace "through all time of its prosperity and all time of its tribulation," remains to cheer and strengthen it in the season of desolation, decay, and death. In the methods which God employs to deepen and secure such a faith in Himself, in the Redeemer, and in immortality, the lingering agony which belongs to an invalid's experience has its place. The endurance is more than compensated by the unutterable feeling of the preciousness of those promises and hopes, which is obtained by the fiery trial.

Suffering, the Discipline of Virtue.

SUFFERING is the discipline of virtue — that which nourishes, invigorates, perfects it. Suffering, I repeat, is the discipline of virtue ; of that which is infinitely better than happiness, and yet which embraces all essential happiness in it. Virtue is the prize of the severely-contested race, of the hard-fought battle ; and it is worth all the strifes and wounds of the conflict.

This is the view which we ought, I think, manfully and courageously, to take of our present condition. Partly from our natural weakness, partly from want of reflection, and partly from the discouraging aspects which infidel philosophy and ascetic superstition, have thrown over human life, we have acquired a timidity, a pusillanimity, a peevishness, a habit of complaining, which enhances all our sorrows. Dark enough they are, without needing to be darkened by gloomy theories. Enough do we tremble under them, without requiring the misgivings of cherished fear and weakness. Philosophy, religion, virtue should speak to man — not in a voice, all pity — not in a voice, all terror — but rather in that trumpet tone that arouses and cheers the warrior to battle.

With a brave and strong heart should man go forth to battle with calamity. He shall not let it be his master, but rather shall he master it — yea, he shall be as an artificer, who taketh in his hand an instrument to work out some beautiful work. When Sir Walter Raleigh took in his hand the axe, that was in a few moments to deprive him of life, and felt its keen edge, he said smiling, “this is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases.” Indeed the manner in which the brave English noblemen and clergy of the olden time, went to death, even when it was to appease the jealousy or wrath of unjust monarchs, is illustrative of the spirit I would recommend. Fortitude, manliness, cheerfulness, with modesty and humility, dressed them, even on the scaffold, in robes of eternal honor. And surely he who takes an instrument in his hand, which is not to slay him, but with which he may work out the model and perfection of every virtue in him, should take it with resolution and courage, — should say, “with this sore pain or bitter sorrow, is a good and noble work for me to do, and well and nobly will I strive to do it. I will not blench nor fly from what my Father above has appointed me. I will not drown my senses and faculties with opiates to escape it. I will not forsake the post of trial and peril.” Do you remember that noble boy who stood on the burning deck at the battle of the Nile? Many voices around said, “Come down! — come away!” But

the confiding child said, "Father, shall I come?" Alas! that father's voice was hushed in death; and his child kept his post, till he sunk in the whelming flame. Oh! noble child! thou teachest us firmly to stand in our lot, till the great word of Providence bids us fly, or bids us sink!

But while I speak thus, think me not insensible to the severity of man's sufferings. I know what human nerves and sinews and feelings are. When the sharp sword enters the very bosom, the iron enters the very soul—I see what must follow. I see the uplifted hands, the writhen brow, the written agony in the eye. But God's mercy, which "tempers the blast to the shorn lamb," does not suffer these to be the ordinary and permanent forms of affliction. No, thou sittest down in thy still chamber, and sad memories come there, or it may be, strange trials gather under thy brooding thought. Thou art to die. Or thou sayest that coming life is dark and desolate. And now as thou sittest there, I will speak to thee; and I say—though sighs will burst from thy almost broken heart, yet when they come back in echoes from the silent walls, let them teach thee. Let them tell thee that God wills not thy destruction, thy suffering for its own sake—wills thee not—cannot will thee, any evil; how could that thought come from the bosom of Infinite love? No, let thy sorrows tell thee, that God wills thy repentance, thy virtue, thy happiness, thy prepara-

tion for infinite happiness ! Let that thought spread holy light through thy darkened chamber. That which is against thee, is not as that which is for thee. Calamity, a dark speck in thy sky, seemeth to be against thee ; but God's goodness, the all-embracing light and power of the universe, forever lives, and shines around thee and for thee.

“ Evil and good, before him stand,
Their mission to perform.”

The angel of gladness is there ; but the angel of affliction is there too — and both alike for good. May the angel of gladness visit us as often as is good for us ! I pray for it. But that angel of affliction ! what shall we say to it ? Shall we not say, — “ Come thou too, when our Father willeth, — come thou, when need is, — with saddened brow and pitying eye, come ; and take us on thy wings, and bear us up to hope, to happiness, to heaven — to that presence where is fulness of joys, — to that right hand, where are pleasures for evermore ! ”

There is one further thought which I must not fail to submit to you, on this subject, before I leave it. The greatness of our sufferings, points to a correspondent greatness in the end to be gained. When I see what men are suffering around me, I cannot help feeling that it was meant not only that they should be far better than they are, but far better

than they often think of being. The end must rise higher and brighter before us, before we can look through this dark cloud of human calamity. The struggle, the wounds, the carnage and desolation of a battle, would overwhelm me with horror, if it were not fought for freedom, for the fire-side, — to protect infancy from ruthless butchery, and the purity of our homes from brutal wrong. So is the battle of this life a bewildering maze of misery and despair, till we see the high prize that is set before it. You would not send your son to travel through a barren and desolate wilderness, or to make a long and tedious voyage to an unhealthy clime, but for some great object; say, to make a fortune thereby. And any way, it seems to your parental affection, a strange and almost cruel proceeding. Nor would the merciful Father of life have sent his earthly children to struggle through all the sorrows, the pains and perils of this world, but to attain to the grandeur of a moral fortune, worth all the strife and endurance. No, all this is not ordained in vain, nor in reckless indifference to what we suffer, but for an end, for a high end, for an end higher than we think for. Troubles, disappointments, afflictions, sorrows, press us on every side, that we may rise upward, upward, ever upward. And believe me, in thus rising upward, you shall find the very names that you give to calamity, gradually changing. Misery, strictly speaking and in its full meaning, does not

belong to a good mind. Misery shall pass into suffering, and suffering into discipline, and discipline into virtue, and virtue into heaven. So let it pass with you. Bend now patiently and meekly, in that lowly "worship of sorrow," till in God's time, it becomes the worship of joy,—of proportionably higher joy,—in that world where there shall be no more sorrow, nor pain, nor crying,—where all tears shall be wiped from your eyes,—where beamings of heaven in your countenance, shall grow brighter by comparison with all the darkness of earth.

And remember too, that your forerunner unto that blessed life, passed through this same worship of sorrow. A *man* of sorrows was that Divine Master, and acquainted with grief. And what were the instruments, the means, the ministers of that very victory,—that last victory? The rage of men, and the fierceness of torture; arraignment before enemies,—mocking, smiting, scourging; the thorny crown, the bitter cross, the barred tomb! With these he fought, through these he conquered, and from these he rose to heaven. And, believe me, in something must every disciple be like the Master. Clothed in some vesture of pain, of sorrow, or of affliction, must he fight the great battle, and win the great victory. When I stand in the presence of that high example, I cannot listen to poor, unmanly, unchristian complainings. I would not have its disciples account too much of their griefs. Rather

would I say, courage ! ye that bear the great, the sublime lot of sorrow ! It is not forever that ye suffer. It is not for naught, that ye suffer. It is not without end, that ye suffer. God wills it. He spared not his own Son from it. God wills it. It is the ordinance of his wisdom for us. Nay, it is the ordinance of Infinite love, to procure for us an infinite glory and beatitude.

God, our Help.

ALL teaching and all experience persuade us that our true help in trial must come from God.

And how is it to come from God ?

1. It comes through *faith*. The heart which believes in God, and believes in Christ, ceases to be troubled ; for it does not look at the event alone, but at the hidden purposes which it is to answer in the counsels of Providence, and the revelations concerning these purposes which have been brought by Jesus Christ. Thus the mind is occupied by something extrinsic to the immediate cause of mourning, and lifted up to the great First Cause. In contemplating that great First Cause, it is impossible to discern any thing but infinite wisdom and essential benignity. Whatever is done, is with the kindest design, and for the most desirable end. It is impossible there should be in it error or ill-will ; but the most mysterious dealings, to the watchful eye of faith, which knows how to interpret them, have a light and a meaning, which give tranquillity to the disturbed spirit. It is *distrust* which is unsettled, perplexed, distressed ; it is distrust which sits down repining, and beats the breast, and refuses to be comforted. Faith rises, and lifts up its head ; there

may be a tear in its eye, but there is steadfastness in its heart, and with unconquerable serenity it gazes upward, till, piercing the clouds and darkness which surround the eternal throne, it discerns the righteousness and mercy which are its foundation. It does not doubt that all is right, for it relies on divine wisdom. It does not doubt that all will be well, for it confides in perfect love ; and, taking up the words of the apostle, it says, " We have had fathers of the flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence ; shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live ? " and " if he spared not his own Son, shall he not with him freely give us all things ? "

Thus does God send down help through faith.

In the next place, he adds to it through *prayer*. Prayer is the act of faith. The confiding child that has stood gazing upward to a parent's seat, contemplating and adoring, at length opens his mouth and speaks. The fire kindles within, and his glowing thoughts utter themselves unto God. Thus it was with Jesus, when he rejoiced in spirit at the success of his ministry, and cried, " Father, I thank thee ; " when he groaned in spirit at the tomb of Lazarus, and cried, " Father, I thank thee ; " when he drew near to the agony of death, and exclaimed, " Father, glorify thy name." And so, too, his friends, who walk in his faith, at every changing season of their pilgrimage, call upon God.

It is the natural and dutiful expression of their filial trust. It augments and gives vigor to that trust. The sluggish heart is roused, the wavering fortitude is confirmed, when the believer goes aside from the pressure of these mortal things, like his Lord retiring to the mountain, and holds communion with God. He returns a revived and strengthened man. He is nerved to do and to endure. God is the foundation of all power. If the human soul would have strength, it must draw from Him. It thrives by the breath of His presence. It grows fit for action and for suffering, by pouring out to Him its own weakness, and drinking in, in return, His strength.

To speak more plainly, prayer, by its own action on the mind, imparts to it strength; and it has, moreover, the promise of additional aid from the Spirit of God. He who trusts his own resources is weak, and soon faints under the pressure of trial; "but they that wait on the Lord renew their strength." He that seeks to brave out the grief, and harden himself against it with stoical fortitude, may break his heart in the attempt; or, if he succeed, it is at the expense of all that is generous and amiable in his nature, and he becomes less than a man. But he who, feeling his calamity, pours out his feelings in prayer to the Father, by thus mingling his keen sorrow with his holiest devotions, soothes his sorrow into tranquillity; it becomes a part of his spiritual pleasure; it is the means of lift-

ing him into a frame of thought superior to this lower scene. A serenity, of which the world knows nothing and can impart nothing, attends the act; and his cry for peace, even while he utters it, is answered by Him who has said, "Let him call upon me in trouble; I will deliver him, and he shall glorify me."

Once more. God sends help through the Christian *hope* which he has given. The apostle said of the heathens, that they were *without God, and without hope* in the world; their misery consisted not only in ignorance of God, but in the prospect of eternal death. But to the Christian, not only the Father is revealed, but life and immortality are brought to light; so that, whatever evils may assail him in the world, they not only cease at the grave, but there is more than a compensation for them beyond it. Whatever afflictions weigh down his spirit here, they are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed.

This inward hope completes the measure of the Christian's consolation. *Faith and prayer* had given quiet to his mind, but the *hope of heaven* excites it to joy, and raises it from serenity to rapture. He feels himself to be immortal. His affections being set on his eternal good, temporal evil has lost its power to destroy his happiness. Infirmary and disease may render life weary; but his thoughts are not confined to life; they wan-

der through eternity, they commune with God, their home is in heaven. Death may approach while in the midst of prosperity, having a thousand dear ties ; it may be in the very opening of life's happy day, with every thing that earth and friendship can give, to make life delightful and desirable. But even then, the heart that has learned to exalt itself by the visions of futurity, is able to disarm the king of terrors. The hope of Christ is mightier than the fear of the grave. At that hour of nature's faltering, when dread and consternation have appalled even the bold, we have seen even a young, frail, feminine spirit, for which the *common* adversities of life seemed too rude, able to look round without dismay, collected, calm, serene, smiling amid pain, and the conqueror of the grave. Others tremble and weep ; but the sufferer, as if no longer a sufferer, can speak quietly, and comfort them ; can lead them to God, in words of trust and consolation, and so sink into that dreaded silence of the grave, as if it were indeed but passing to its home. Such power has God given to man to triumph over death ! So kindly has he provided strength for the soul that puts its trust in his Gospel !

It is in vain to deny that life has its troubles, and death its alarms. We cannot disguise the bitterness of the cup which man is called to drink. Nor can we help the cry, that, if it be possible, that cup may pass from us. But God has done better for us than

to cause it to pass. He has made it the cup of immortality. Trial and grief are the preparation for glory. The grave is the gate of heaven. The death of the body is the emancipation of the soul. Emancipated souls are to reunite in a better and happier society. The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there can no evil touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die, and their departure is taken for misery ; but they are at peace ; for God has loved them, and received them to Himself, and they shall rejoice forever. And if ever a holy hallelujah of solemn praise should ascend from man to God, it might well be at the departure of one who had died in the triumph of Christian hope, and the burial of whose body is but the signal of the spirit's welcome by angels into heaven. Tears might fall as we sang, but not the less real would be our praise, and not the less perfect our consolation.

These are the consolations of religion. Through these does God send help in trouble. *Faith, prayer, hope*, — these three, and the greatest of these is, — I do not know which is the greatest ; they form the three-fold cord which cannot be broken. Faith could do little if it were not expressed in prayer, and answered by hope. Prayer without faith is but an idle breath of wind, and without hope is only the groaning of despondency. Hope has no anchor, if faith have not supplied one, and no wings, if she bor-

row none from devotion. Separately, they are as the lungs without the heart, or the heart without the blood ; without the others, each is weak and inefficient ; but together, they make up the living, vivifying system ; they *create* peace where pain has destroyed it ; they let in the tranquil light of heaven on the soul, upon which the suffering of earth has cast down darkness that may be felt.

Immortality.

To me there is but one objection against immortality, if objection it may be called, and this arises from the very greatness of the truth. My mind sometimes sinks under its weight, is lost in its immensity ; I scarcely dare believe that such a good is placed within my reach. When I think of myself, as existing through all future ages, as surviving this earth and that sky, as exempted from every imperfection and error of my present being, as clothed with an angel's glory, as comprehending with my intellect, and embracing in my affections, an extent of creation compared with which the earth is a point ; when I think of myself, as looking on the outward universe with an organ of vision that will reveal to me a beauty, and harmony, and order not now imagined, and as having an access to the minds of the wise and good, which will make them, in a sense, my own ; when I think of myself, as forming friendships with innumerable beings of rich and various intellect and of the noblest virtue, as introduced to the society of heaven, as meeting there the great and excellent, of whom I have read in history, as joined with " the just made perfect " in an ever-enlarging ministry of benevolence, as conversing with Jesus Christ

with the familiarity of friendship, and especially as having an immediate intercourse with God, such as the closest intimacies of earth dimly shadow forth ;— when this thought of my future being comes to me, whilst I hope, I also fear ; the blessedness seems too great ; the consciousness of present weakness and unworthiness is almost too strong for hope. But when, in this frame of mind, I look round on the creation, and see there the marks of an omnipotent goodness, to which nothing is impossible, and from which every thing may be hoped ; when I see around me the proofs of an Infinite Father, who must desire the perpetual progress of his intellectual offspring ; when I look next at the human mind, and see what powers a few years have unfolded, and discern in it the capacity of everlasting improvement ; and especially when I look at Jesus, the conqueror of death, the heir of immortality, who has gone as the forerunner of mankind into the mansions of light and purity, I can and do admit the almost overpowering thought of the everlasting life, growth, felicity of the human soul.

To each of us is this felicity offered ; a good which turns to darkness and worthlessness the splendor and excellence of the most favored lot on earth. I say, it is *offered*. It cannot be forced on us ; from its nature, it must be won. Immortal happiness is nothing more than the unfolding of our own minds, the full, bright exercise of our best powers ; and these powers are never to be unfolded here or

hereafter, but through our own free exertion. To anticipate a higher existence whilst we neglect our own souls, is a delusion on which reason frowns no less than revelation. Dream not of a heaven into which you may enter, live here as you may. To such as waste the present state, the future will not, cannot, bring happiness. There is no concord between them and that world of purity. A human being, who has lived without God, and without self-improvement, can no more enjoy heaven, than a mouldering body, lifted from the tomb, and placed amidst beautiful prospects, can enjoy the light through its decayed eyes, or feel the balmy air which blows away its dust. Immortality is a glorious doctrine ; but not given us for speculation or amusement. Its happiness is to be realized only through our own struggles with ourselves, only through our own reaching forward to new virtue and piety. To be joined with Christ in heaven, we must be joined with him now in spirit, in the conquest of temptation, in charity and well-doing. Immortality should begin here. The seed is now to be sown, which is to expand forever. "Be not weary then in well-doing ; for in due time we shall reap, if we faint not."

This Life to be Lived out Patiently.

I CANNOT quite enter into your ideas respecting death, and its relation to life. No one can fear it less than I do, neither am I much attached to life ; but I have never known the feeling of an anxious longing for death ; and, although it be a nobler one than that of an absolute weariness of existence, it is nevertheless blamable. Life must first, for as long a period as Providence wills it, be enjoyed or suffered, — and in one word, gone through, — and that with a full submission, without murmuring, lamenting, or repining. There is one important law of nature which we should never lose sight of : I mean that of ripening for death. Death is not a break in existence ; it is but an intermediate circumstance, a transition from one form of our finite existence to another. Both states — that before and that after death — are closely connected together ; indeed, they are inseparably united ; and existence *there* can only then properly begin when it has reached the very last moment of its development *here*. This moment of maturity for death, or, in other words, the time when further progress here becomes impossible, cannot be decided on by any human wisdom, or inward feeling ; and to attempt to do so would be

nothing better than the vain rashness of human pride. That decision can only be made by Him who can at once look through our whole course ; and both reason and duty require that we should leave the hour to Him, and never rebel against his decrees by a single impatient wish. This view is the only one which will lead us in peace through life, and prove a true support through all its vicissitudes.

The first and most important thing in life is to learn to master ourselves, and to throw ourselves with peaceful confidence on Him, who never changes ; looking on every situation, whether pleasant or otherwise, as a source from which our interior existence and individual character may draw increasing strength ; and hence springs that entire submission which few attain to, although all fancy they feel it. Almost all set a certain bound to their submission, and think, when this point is overpast, or appears to them to be so, the duty ceases. True resignation, which always brings with it the confidence that unchangeable Goodness will make even the disappointment of our hopes, and the contradictions of life, conducive to some benefit, casts a grave but tranquil light over the prospect of even a toilsome and troubled life. In order to attain, or to create within ourselves this tranquillity, we should seek only those things which are dependent on our own will. This disposition cannot always be quite attained, nor can we feel it at all moments. It can-

not be compelled. It must spring up in the soul itself: but it is not long in doing so, when the soil is properly prepared; and this preparation consists principally in a reasonable, quiet frame of mind, free from all selfishness. This we have in our own power, if we will but use our understanding and power of will; and the exercise of them with a determined purpose, will give it.

The Future Life.

WHOM the Lord loves, he chastens. But when a sufferer is chastened toward the end of life, and, indeed, till the very end of his mortal life, it is because God loves him immortally. It must be, and it cannot be otherwise. No! it cannot be any other way than that. So that my pain,—what little I have,—my pain shall be counted all joy. And I will reckon it so. And cannot I easily? I ought to do so, if I only recollect myself a little. Why should I ever have been so impatient for happiness? Why should I wish for more than I have now? Am I afraid of my share being given away? Cannot I wait awhile? Thousands of years I had to wait before being born; so that to wait a short while before being blessed is a very little thing,—very. Ay, ages on ages the stars had been twinkling by night, and the sun shining by day, before my reason was lighted up. And as yet, I have it only in an earthen vessel,—a lamp of crumbling dust, that is wearing away fast. Well, let it wear away. For when the flame in it escapes, it will become fire before the Lord; and it will be like a light set in a golden candlestick forever; and it will be mine, mine everlastingly. And it will nowhere be eclipsed,

—no! not among the radiances of the angels; for it will have from my life a color of its own; and from God it will have a beauty of its own, and a glory of its own. Wonderful, very wonderful this is, and yet it is certain that, from among all the inhabitants of this earth, no two minds are similar altogether. And at the end of the world, of all the souls native to it, there will be no two alike. Every one of us will have a character of his own; and every saint will have a glory of his own. And myself, what I am to be, I am becoming. Yes, what I am to be everlastingly, I am growing to be now, — now, in this present time so little thought of, — this time which the sun rises and sets in, and the clock strikes in, and I wake and sleep in. Courage, then! For what goes on in my spirit now, will show itself ages hence. They could never be to another person — my pains and thoughts — what they are to me — not exactly. What I shall be in eternity, I shall be by endurance now and by hopefulness. My trials I might bear with murmurs, and so I should get to doubt God; or by hardening my heart against the feeling of them, and so I should become a stoic; or by fiercely defying fate, and so I should grow atheistical. But I endeavor to suffer Christianly. What I am to be hereafter, I must be becoming now; and so I am, indeed. For, day by day, I am growing fixedly into the attitude which I bear my sorrows in; and from under them, my look

heavenwards, whatever it is, is becoming eternal with me. And then it is not as though my trouble could be spared me, and I not be other than what I am to be. Oh my destiny! God keep me growing toward it! my crown of glory! Lord, make me worthy of it!

My soul, my soul! be thou faithful in judgment, and thou shalt grow up to the companionship of King Alfred, and St. Louis, and George Washington :

And thou shalt walk in soft, white light, with kings and priests
abroad,

And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God.

Life in the Sick Room.

EXHORTATIONS.

DEARLY BELOVED :— Know this, that Almighty God is the Lord of life and death, and of all things to them pertaining, as youth, strength, health, age, weakness, and sickness. Wherefore, whatsoever your sickness is, know you certainly that it is God's visitation. And for what cause soever this sickness is sent unto you ; whether it be to try your patience for the example of others, and that your faith may be found in the day of the Lord laudable, glorious, and honorable, to the increase of glory and endless felicity ; or else it be sent unto you to correct and amend in you whatsoever doth offend the eyes of your heavenly Father ; know you certainly, that if you truly repent of your sins, and bear your sickness patiently, trusting in God's mercy, as his dear Son Jesus Christ hath taught us, and render unto him humble thanks for his fatherly visitation, submitting yourself wholly unto his will, it shall turn to your profit, and help you forward in the right way that leadeth unto everlasting life.

You know and confess that God beareth the affec-

tion of a father toward his children. You know also, that a father, whether he dote upon his child, or whether he chasten him, continueth a father in both cases ; and loveth him in the one no less than in the other.

Think the same of God, as touching yourself : that while he gave you good days, he loved you ; and that now he sendeth you some evil, he loveth you still ; and would not have sent you this evil, but to be a cause unto you of greater good ; that, being called home thereby, you might be at peace.

Take, therefore, in good part the chastisement of the Lord ; for as St. Paul saith, Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons ; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not ? Furthermore, we had fathers of our flesh, who corrected us, and we gave them reverence ; shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live ? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure ; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. These words are written in Holy Scripture for our comfort and instruction ; that we should patiently, and with thanksgiving bear our heavenly Father's correction, whensoever by any manner of adversity it shall please his gracious goodness to visit us. And there should be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be

made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sicknesses. For he himself went not up to joy, but first he suffered pain ; he entered not into his glory before he was crucified. So truly our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ ; and our door to enter into eternal life is gladly to die with Christ ; that we may rise again from death, and dwell with him in everlasting life.

SOME RULES IN SICKNESS.

At the first address and presence of sickness stand still and arrest thy spirit, that it may, without amazement or affright, consider that this was that thou lookedst for, and wert always certain should happen, and that now thou art to enter into the actions of a new religion, the agony of a strange constitution ; but at no hand, suffer thy spirits to be dispersed with fear, or wildness of thought, but stay their looseness and dispersion, by a serious consideration of thy present and future employment. Every man, when shot with an arrow from God's quiver, must then draw in all the auxiliaries of reason, and know that then is the time to try his strength, and to reduce the words of his religion into action, and consider that if he behaves himself weakly and timorously, he suffers never the less of sickness ; but if

he returns to health, he carries along with him the mark of a coward and a fool; and if he descends into his grave, he enters into the state of the faithless and unbelievers. Let him set his heart firm upon this resolution, "*I must bear it inevitably, and I will, by God's grace, do it nobly.*"

Resolve to bear thy sickness like a child, that is, without considering the evils and the pains, the sorrows and the danger; but go straightforward and let thy thoughts cast about for nothing but how to make advantage of it.

Do not think that God is only to be found in a great prayer or a solemn office; he is moved by a sigh, by a groan, by an act of love, and therefore when thy pain is great and pungent, lay all thy strength upon it to bear it patiently. When the evil is something more tolerable, let thy mind think some pious, though short, meditation. We must not think man is tied to the forms of health, or that he who swoons and faints, is obliged to his usual forms and hours of prayer. If we cannot labor, yet let us love.

Treat thy nurses and servants sweetly, and as it becomes an obliged and necessitous person. Remember that they trouble not thee willingly, that they strive to do thee ease and benefit, and are glad if thou likest their attendance; that whatsoever is amiss is thy disease, and the uneasiness of thy head or thy side, and it will be an unhandsome injustice to be

troublesome to them because thou art so to thyself, to requite their care by thy impatient wrangling and fretful spirit. He will be very angry with God's smiting him that is peevish with his servants that go about to ease him.

Let not the smart of thy sickness make thee to call violently for death. They are not patient who are not content to live. Wherever the general hath' placed thee, stir not from thy station till thou beest called off. Do not impatiently long for evening, lest at night thou findest the reward of him that is weary of his work ; for he that is weary before his time, is an unprofitable servant.

DUTIES OF THE SICK ROOM.

I cannot quite subscribe to what a friend said to me not long ago, to whom I had spoken of the duties of sickness. "One of the chief duties of a sick room," he said, "is to forget duties, lay aside responsibilities, and so rest the will. Sickness should be like sleep in this regard. The best thing about sleep is not that it rests the body, but that it rests the conscience. We are not under law in sleep, nor are we in sickness." This is a striking statement, perhaps a taking one, but is it true? Will not its adoption and carrying out end in mak-

ing the invalid believe that he is absolved from all accountability, allow him in the very lowest form of selfishness, complicate the care of those who wait upon him, and make a wretchedly unworthy, and puny thing of him whether he go back into the world, or be taken from it? Will it not take sickness out of the range of discipline, destroy its character, make it no longer the blessing it has been claimed to be — the disguised angel — and establish it as a strange neutral ground in the Divine economy in which the man can do no good — in which his wrong doing is not merely venial but inevitable. I hardly think a true man would like to feel that moral obligation is suspended under any circumstance or condition of life.

Of course during the graver access of disease, as in war, all laws must be silent. The spirit fainting under its cross, overlaid by its burden and pressure, cannot be considered as morally whole. The set of the hour is against it.

But there are intervals in all sickness, when the pains of the body are still, when lassitude passes, leaving the mind not merely calm, but disposed to activity. There is then a depth and clearness of moral perception and conviction, such as one rarely arrives at in the hurry, and pressure, and delusions of health. The man is to himself, and life is to him, quite unlike what they have seemed. The shams in him and about him recede, and in their place stand great realities and duties. Too many suffer these

seasons to glide away in delicious, dreamy repose, and so lose one of the greater blessings a divine mercy has attached to the mission of sickness. I would put you on your guard against this, urge you not to yield to the fascinations of a luxurious indolence, but rouse yourselves to the duties demanded, and of which you are capable. If there is ever a time that a man will be honest with himself, — when he will probe and spare not, — it is when, aside from the demands and pretence of the world, the things which have led him and deceived him stand stripped of their power and charm. He is the soldier resting on the field after the fight, calmly and clearly surveying the past, as calmly and clearly getting ready for the future. As no soldier would refuse to profit by such a pause, so should no man. He omits it at his peril. Losing it, he makes eternal loss. The true man will use this opportunity, this privilege God throws in his way and supplies with incentives and helps, so that when he goes into active life again, — becomes in it a force once more, — he shall know that he carries with him new power and wisdom and virtue, is every way stronger and wiser and better. God gives man these now and then halting seasons, that he may prepare for new and right action. To lose one is to lose his intended blessing.

Sickness has duties no less than health. They are peculiar, many, definite, — small in themselves perhaps, yet in their aggregate of vital importance.

There are no furloughs in the service of God. None is discharged in that warfare. Duty follows a man, though he be suffering. The sick man, the man plodding through a weary convalescence, is apt to think his unreasonableness, his irritability, quite pardonable. He cannot help them. He expects quick, kind, patient service. He has a right to demand these. But he forgets that those who wait on him have their rights too. He frets, is peevish, exacting. He does not blame himself for it; others have no right to blame him. The fault is in his condition. This is not so. Make every reasonable allowance and deduction for the uncontrollable demands of nerves and weakness and hope deferred, there is a large amount of sick room irritability which a man can control, if he only remembers that, though sick, he is still on duty, and, as a man, bound always to control himself. No true man should be willing to throw himself, as a dead weight, utterly upon the sympathy and charity of others. He will not yield to every whim, every impatience, every craving, but curb himself, and spare, as he can, his faithful attendants. The sick man is not only to be ministered unto, but in turn to minister; not weakly to receive, but bravely to give; to show his courage upon a bed as he would in a battle; to keep his sufferings back rather than thrust them selfishly forward. As he lies there, he is an influence; he may be a blessing. What good a single unselfish spirit

may do ! How he will shame the fractious and discontented, how he will cheer the depressed, and with what brave hope will he renerve the timid and despairing ! With what alacrity weary feet will do his bidding ! And so, though lying on his bed helpless and suffering, he becomes almoner of the rich treasures of an unselfish heart, a benediction to all who may chance to see him. There shall never be written on human pages, the triumphs of the lowly and suffering ; but in that book God keeps ever open, where nothing is omitted, they will all shine, and brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Briefly let me point you to three things which you should specially strive to attain.

And first, *Patience*. Patience is not a manly virtue, nor a grace that men covet. It is one of those things they have been quite willing to leave to women, while they have made the patience of Job a subject of ridicule. I feel that I hardly need urge patience on those of the more patient sex who may chance to turn to these pages, but I hope I shall have some manly readers, that these words shall reach the eye, and appeal to the better nature of some sick men. To them I say the world sadly needs patient men. Manhood lacks the grace of patience, and it is a lack. You shall vainly try to shape it to just proportions without this. The mark of man's impatience is everywhere, — in his charac-

ter, in his attempts, in his accomplishments, and in his home. If it characterize his health, much more will it characterize his sickness, for that which tries the temper of the finest spirit, must the more severely task that spirit which has never chastened and never ruled itself. Make it, therefore, a special effort to attain patience, a quiet, calm, heroic endurance; for there is in patience struggled after, and attained, a degree of heroism by the side of which that of the battle-field is but as the small dust of the balance. If you cannot reach up to this, if you will not make the effort that those around you may be made more comfortable, that your own self-respect may be increased, do it in the interest of your selfishness. You need patience as a means of recovery. The man who frets, retards his recovery by fretting.

But patience is not enough. It is a high virtue, but it needs support. A mere dogged patience, the bracing of the will or the nerves to bear quietly, will not do. The sick room needs *cheerfulness*. It is to the spirit what sunlight is to the room. It does for the inward man what the light does for the outward. There can be no physical health in a cheerless room, or with a discontented heart.

It is possible for every man to be cheerful, whatever his lot. Cheerfulness is not a thing of outward conditions. It springs from within. It is not merely the grace of a full heart, it is often the charm of a sad one. God *gives* it to some men, but all men

may acquire it, and the thing acquired is always sweeter and stronger than the thing given. That is only half courage which bears up under dangers and hardships. The highest courage lies in cheerful bearing. God loves a cheerful bearer, and comes to him with his great strength and help.

You desire to get out of your sick room, back to your duties in your homes, and in life. Nothing has so much to do with this as cheerfulness. Disease is determined largely by mental conditions. Convalescence is slow and protracted, or pleasant and sure, according as the man keeps himself. Fret beneath the rod, be timid, irresolute, self-seeking, and your burden will be a burden indeed, — heavy, galling, dead, — but “put a cheerful courage on,” and you will find the burden growing easy and light. Even love gets tired of doing, forgets its sympathy, intermits its tenderness, where there is churlish exaction and selfishness.

One word about that highest thing, which indeed embraces all, but which we keep separate, and speak and think of as separate, — *Faith*. The man who has a clear, upright, manly Christian faith, — not a mere name, but a living thing in him, — has patience and cheerfulness as all other Christian virtue and grace. Yet these may exist without this, — and so as a last word I would say, add to these, *Faith*. You cannot have passed through the pains, and apprehensions, the discomforts, and weaknesses of

disease, without feeling all this various experience drawing you more and more into the presence of, into dependence upon, the great Unseen Spirit. If there be no deeper conviction in you, no more earnest purpose of loyal service, no stronger yearning to be sons of God, when you leave the sick room than when you entered it, then indeed are your eyes holden and your hearts hard. By the baptism of blood it was that Jesus became lifted up before all men, became the world's Redeemer; and this stern baptism of yours may work alike mightily in you, perfecting what was unworthy, drawing you toward the All Pure, giving you the coveted spirit of adoption. It is only a living, unwavering Christian faith that sustains any man. Do not let these hours slip, do not pass hence to your home life again, or back to your duties, without possessing that surely which shall be your sufficient help in the time of all trouble. To the God who has been so plenteous in mercy give the remainder of your strength and your days.

Some of you will go back to the active scenes and duties of life, — to temptations and dangers. This sickness is not unto death or disability. Go to these as new men, as men profited, purged by the rich experience of discipline with which it has pleased God to visit you. Go back happier and wiser, leaving the low and the bad behind, and pressing forward, as the Apostle did, toward the mark, for the

prize. Remember how great a loss it is to lose an opportunity. God has called other men suddenly. You he has withdrawn, that you might think, repent, resolve, amend. The opportunity is a privilege. Do not despise it.

Some of you (we speak it gently and reverently) must die, — die perhaps in your early prime; die when life has so much for you. There is a seeming darkness about the ways of God, but it is only *seeming*. “Paternal love o’er all presideth.” The form in which the spirit of love chooses to address us we may not understand: we cannot doubt the spirit. Said a young private soldier as he was leaving home, to one who spoke of the dangers before him, “If one can only say, OUR FATHER, there is no fear.” That was the perfect love which cast all fear out. In that faith that young man died, — not on the battle-field, as he would have preferred, but on the cot of the hospital, away from all he loved and longed to see, yet yielding up a loyal heart peacefully, because he could say, “OUR FATHER.” That is the great all in all; and for such the door of the Father’s home stands day and night open. His arms and his welcome await them.

Sick friends, dear friends! whatever betide you, be cheerful, be patient, and trustful. The dark days shall pass. This life has its awards, — the glory and honor that perish; but the rewards of eternity are honor and glory immortal.

Meditations.

COME, let us praise the goodness of God, who orders every thing for the best; our life and our death are equally His care.

The Lord casts us down upon the bed of sickness, and draws the curtain between the world and us,

Shutting out all its vain designs; and contracting our business to a little chamber. In that quiet solitude He speaks to our hearts,—and sets our whole life, as in a mirror, before us.

There He discovers to us the treachery of the world, and invites us by the exhibition of its vanity, to prepare for a better.

Thither He sends His messengers of peace, to perfect our reconciliation.

Oh! how different are the thoughts of that hour from those of careless, unreflecting health!

How do we now censure what we once esteemed!

How easily are we led to wiser resolutions,

When our unruly senses are rebuked with pains, and the fears of death teach the rashness of our minds sobriety;

When the occasions of sin are removed from our way, and every thing about us exhorts to repentance.

Adored be Thy name, O Lord ! whose mercy sanctifies into a blessing even the chastisement of Thy rod.

Thou bringest us low, to awaken our humility, and prescribest sickness to cure our infirmity.

Thou commandest, and the grave is inexorable ; with it is no respect of persons.

Thou tellest us by experience that all must die : but kindly hidest in clouds and darkness the time and place ;

That everywhere we may be upon our guard, and, through all our days, may be looking for the summons.

Thou teachest us by the removal of those whom we love, to renew the contemplation of our own grave, and the wholesome thoughts of a future world.

Let not, O Lord ! these gracious designs be lost upon us ; but let such scenes be attended with the most serious reflections upon our own mortality.

And oh ! cause every meditation of this nature to make us the more diligent in preparing for our latter end.



Lift up thyself, oh mourning soul ! lift up thyself, raise thine eyes that are wet with tears ! Why are thine eyes wet with tears ? Why are they bent

continually upon the earth ? And why dost thou go mourning as one forsaken of thy God ?

Oh, thou that toilest ever, and retest not ; thou that wishest ever, and art not satisfied ; thou that carest ever, and art not stablished ; why dost thou toil and wish ? Why is thine heart withered with care, and why are thine eyes sunk with watching ?

Rest quietly on thy couch, steep thine eyelids in sleep, wrap thyself in sleep as in a garment, for He careth for thee ; He is with thee, He is about thee, He compasseth thee ; He compasseth thee on every side. The voice of thy shepherd among the rocks.

He calleth thee, He beareth thee tenderly in his arms ; He suffereth thee not to stray. Thy soul is precious in His sight, O child of many hopes !

For He careth for thee in the things which perish, and He hath provided yet better things than those.

Raise thyself, O beloved soul ; turn thine eyes from care, and sin, and pain ; turn them to the brightness of the heavens, and contemplate thine inheritance ; for thy birthright is in the skies, — and thine inheritance amongst the stars of light.

The herds of the pasture sicken and die, they lie down among the clods of the valley, the foot passeth over them ; they are no more. But it is not so with thee.

For the Almighty is the Father of thy spirit, and

He hath given thee a portion of His own immortality.

Look around thee, and behold the earth, for it is the gift of the Father to thee, and to thy sons, that they should possess it.

Out of the ground cometh forth food ; the hills are covered with fresh shade ; and the animals, thy subjects, sport among the trees.

Delight thyself in them, for they are good ; and all that thou seest is thine.

But nothing that thou seest is like unto thyself ; thou art not of them ; nor shalt thou return to them.

Thou hast a mighty void which they cannot fill ; thou hast an immortal hunger which they cannot satisfy : they are not worthy that they should occupy thee.

As the fire which, while it resteth on the hearth, yet sendeth forth sparks continually toward heaven, so do thou from amidst the world send up fervent thoughts to God.

As the lark, though her nest is on the ground, as soon as she becometh fledged, poiseth her wings and findeth them strong to bear her through the light air, springeth up aloft, singing as she soars ;

So let thy desires mount swiftly upwards, and thou shalt see the world beneath thy feet.

And be not overwhelmed with many thoughts. Heaven is thine, and God is thine : thou shalt be

blessed with everlasting salvation and peace upon thy head for evermore.

O Lord of heaven and earth ! we are fearfully and wonderfully made ; our bodies are like the flowers perishing in the evening ; our life is a thin vapor, which appeareth a very little while, and then vanisheth away.

As I lie here on my couch of sickness, — how delightful appears that health, which I so little valued, when it was mine ! how lovely and beautiful are the woods and fields, and mountains and streams, on which I used to gaze with so much indifference ! how precious those opportunities of improvement, and those means of usefulness, which I have so frequently neglected ! Alas ! shall I no more rise up in strength, and behold the bright sun and the fertile pastures, and go forth to my daily occupations ? shall I leave this world, when I have done so little for myself and others, and lie down in the dark, silent grave, where there is no work or device ?

Peace, troubled soul : — enlarge thy views, look beyond the narrow boundaries of mortality. Thou who callest God thy Father, and Christ thy Saviour, and heaven thy home, this disquietude, this despondency becometh not thee ; brighter regions are there for thee somewhere ; rather shouldst thou rejoice at the blissful change which awaits thee.

Blessed thoughts ! my heart is strengthened ; no longer am I afraid. Now can I say firmly, and with pious gratitude and joy, — Farewell, beautiful land of my pilgrimage ; farewell for a season, beloved fellow-pilgrims. Death's gloomy valley is henceforth nothing to me ; my Father leadeth me across it ; already I see the glorious and spiritual world, where dwell the greatest, wisest, and best beings in the universe. I will not murmur, when I am called to join them ; I will say, Yes, Father, I am ready, for with Thy gracious aid, I shall mount up on high ; Thou hast rendered me victorious over death and the grave.

Praise ye the Lord ! Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord !

Whilst we live will we praise the Lord ; we will sing praises unto our God while we have any being.

When Thou fillest our cups with the blessings of life, and the voice of health and gladness is heard in our dwellings ; when our path is pleasant, our prospects cheering, and our spirits lively ; then they shall be employed in showing forth Thy praises, O our God ! for we dwell in the light of Thy countenance.

And when months of vanity and wearisome nights are appointed us ; when darkness encompasses the path in which we go, and dejection hangs upon our

minds ; when we can neither enjoy the blessings of life, nor indulge those lively affections toward Thee, our Maker, which we wish to indulge ; even then will we praise Thee by submission and resignation to Thy will.

Amidst all the changes of this mortal life, and amidst all the various dispensations of Thy providence ; in all things will we give thanks, and praise Thy name.

Whilst we live will we praise the Lord, and when we draw near to the gates of death, — when these hands which have been lifted up to Thee shall be motionless, and the tongues which have declared Thy praises shall be silent, — still will we praise Thee, O our Heavenly Father ! in our thoughts ; and this shall be the grateful song of our hearts, — “ Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ ! ” But the grave shall not put an end to our songs of thanksgiving ; we will sing praises unto our God while we have any being ; and blessed be Thy name, O Thou Fountain of Life ! our being will never cease. When our mortal powers are no longer active, then with more noble powers, and in heavenly strains, will we praise Thee, our God, and this shall be our grateful song ; — Thou didst lead us forth by the right way to Thine heavenly kingdom.

Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be ascribed to

Thee, our God, forever and ever! Amen, and amen.

MEDITATIONS ON A SOLITARY SABBATH.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

I would acknowledge the goodness of the Lord, which has enabled me, in any degree, to love the habitations of his house, and the place where his honor dwelleth:—yet does it become me to be deeply humbled, that I have not better improved the Sabbaths I have formerly had an opportunity of enjoying: that I have not made further progress in religion, notwithstanding the means of grace which have so long and so plentifully been bestowed. I would be solicitous to improve future Sabbaths to better purpose, if God spare my life—to be more serious and devout in prayer and thanksgiving—more attentive in reading and hearing the Holy Scripture—more careful in reflecting on what I have read and heard, and laboring after greater attainments in Christian experience.

How delightful is it to think in how many assemblies, and by how many rational and immortal creatures, God is this day honored,—how many humble

and devout souls are now, with fervent hearts, offering the sacrifice of prayer and praise, acceptable to him through Jesus Christ. Though absent in body, I desire to be present with them in spirit, and to taste something of their joys.

How wonderful is the presence and providence of God! "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro, through all the earth," beholding with complacency every devout Christian, in what obscure place soever he may be. Our Lord Jesus Christ is not only with his church in general, but with every sincere disciple: and the promise of his Spirit is made to every individual who sincerely seeks for its influence. The presence of God can make a retired chamber a little sanctuary, and give his devout servants reason to say, "Surely God is in this place, — this is indeed the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Though the Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob, yet on the latter his blessing rests.

How yet more elevating is it to think of the general assembly and church of the first-born above; where God is worshipped by a thousand times ten thousand happy spirits, once the inhabitants of earth, and subject to the same sufferings, inconveniences, and difficulties as its present inhabitants; but now perfectly free from them all, joining in the sublimest strains of gratitude and praise, and loaded with all the blessing which an almighty and perfectly good

Being can bestow. How animating is the description of the heavenly world given by St. John ! that there shall be no more curse, — that his servants shall serve him and they shall see his face, — that his name shall be in their foreheads. Every one shall be a priest unto God, and “holiness to the Lord” shall be, as it were, inscribed on every one.

Blessed are they that dwell in his house below : they are still praising him ! — Blessed, thrice blessed, inexpressibly, inconceivably blessed are they who dwell in his heavenly temple, where no sickness nor weariness affects them : no aching head, no dull languid heart, no extreme circumstances prevent, retard, or interrupt their worship, nor embitter the pleasure, nor hinder the profit of it. They hear nothing in others, they feel nothing in themselves which gives them concern or uneasiness. All is devotion, joy, and rapture, — and the happiness of each increases the happiness of all.

On that blessed assembly the Sun of Righteousness ever shines, and every joy that heart can wish, or God bestow, is theirs, and theirs forever !

One thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire his will in his temple : and thus go from strength to strength, till I appear before God in the heavenly Zion.

LIGHT of light enlighten me
Now anew the day is dawning ;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
Brighten thou my Sabbath morning ;—
With thy joyous sunshine blest
Happy is my day of rest !

Fount of all our joy and peace,
To thy living waters lead me ;
Thou from earth my soul release
And with grace and mercy feed me ;
Bless thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that thou dost love.

Rest in me and I in thee,
Build a Paradise within me ;
Oh reveal thyself to me
Blessed one, who died'st to win me ;
Fed from thine exhaustless urn
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

Hence all care and vanity
For the day to God is holy ;
Come thou glorious majesty
Deign to fill this temple lowly ;
Nought to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in thy love.

Selections from Scripture.

SUPPLICATION.

REBUKE me not in thine anger ; neither correct me in thy heavy displeasure. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak : O Lord, heal me for my bones are vexed. My soul also is sore troubled. My time is in thy hand, O let me not be confounded ; show thy servant the light of thy countenance, and save me for thy mercy's sake. O give me the comfort of thy help again ; cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Be thou my strong rock and an house of defence, that thou mayest save me ; be thou also my guide, and lead me for thy names' sake. Into thy hand I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth. In God is my health and my glory ; He is the rock of my might ; in God is my trust.

CONFESSIO AND SUPPLICATION.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness ; according unto the multitude of thy

tender mercies blot out my transgressions, for I acknowledge my transgressions and my sin is ever before me. Against thee, thee only have I sinned. Lead me in thy truth and teach me ; for thou art the God of my salvation ; in thee do I trust all the day. For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon my iniquity, for it is great. Turn thee unto me and have mercy upon me, for I am desolate and afflicted. Lighten the sorrows of my heart. O bring thou me out of my distresses. Look upon mine affliction and my pain, and forgive all my sins. I wait for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning. With the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.



CONFESSION.

Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me. From above hath he sent fire into my bones ; he hath spread a net for my feet ; he hath made me desolate and faint all the day. The Lord hath delivered me into their hands, from whom I am not able to rise up.

The Lord is righteous, for I have rebelled against his commandments. I have grievously rebelled.

Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness !

Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress ; have mercy upon me and hear my prayer, according to thy loving-kindness. Blot out my transgressions. Wash me from mine iniquity and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions : and my sin is ever before me. Against thee, thee only have I sinned and done this evil in thy sight.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts. Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow. Make me to hear joy and gladness ; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God ; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

O Lord ! open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise. For thou desirest not sacrifice, — else would I give it ; thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit : a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.



FOR PARDON.

Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Out of the depths have I cried unto thee. Lord, hear my voice, let thine ear be attentive to the voice of

my supplications. There is forgiveness with thee. According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions, for I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me.

To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him, neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God, to walk in his laws, which he set before us. He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger forever. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with spiritual blessings in Christ, in whom we have redemption through his blood, and forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace.

O Lord, hear ; O Lord, forgive ; O Lord, hearken and do ; defer not, for thine own sake, O our God. Blot out all mine iniquities, and I will bless thy name forever and ever.



ASSURANCE OF PEACE.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever ;

for in the Lord our God is everlasting strength. Thus saith the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, — in returning, and rest shall ye be saved ; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength ; the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever ; and my people shall dwell in peaceable habitations, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places. They that erred in spirit, shall come to understanding, they that murmured, shall learn doctrine. Therefore, will the Lord wait that he may be gracious unto you, and therefore will he be exalted, that he may have mercy upon you, for the Lord is a God of judgment, — blessed are all that wait for him. Thou shalt weep no more. He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry ; when he shall hear it, he will answer thee. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads ; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.



DIVINE PROTECTION.

Behold, he who keepeth his people, will neither slumber nor sleep : he is about my path, and about my bed, and beholdeth all my ways. I will lay me

down in peace and take my rest, for it is thou only who makest me dwell in safety. Commit thy way unto the Lord, wait patiently for him, and thou shalt never be forsaken. He will draw thee out of the waters, and show thee the path of life.

Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth, therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty; for he maketh sore and bindeth up; he woundeth and his hands make whole.

Because thou hast been my help, therefore under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice. My soul followeth hard after thee; for thy right hand hath upholden me.

The Lord is my portion; therefore will I hope in him. The Lord is good unto those who wait for him to the soul that seeketh him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. For the Lord will not cast off forever; but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.

I am like a broken vessel, but I trusted in thee, O Lord; I said thou art my God. My times are in thy hand; make thy face to shine upon thy servant; save me for thy mercy's sake. I said in my heart I am cut off from before thine eyes, nevertheless, thou heardest the voice of my supplication when I cried unto thee.

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye who hope in the Lord.

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GOD'S CARE.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear. The Lord is the shield of my life, of what shall I be afraid. For in the day of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion, in the secret place of his tabernacle will he shelter me, and set me upon a rock. Though my father and my mother leave me, yet the Lord will take me up. Though he send chastisement for our sins he will have mercy, he never withdraweth his kindness from us, nor doth he forsake his people. The Lord is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering and very compassionate, and forgiveth sins and saveth in time of affliction. Trust in the Lord! be of good courage; let thy heart be strong: trust in the Lord!

GOD WITH US.

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire

thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God. Fear not ; for I am with thee. Before me there was no God formed, neither shall there be after me. I, even I, am God, and beside me there is no saviour. I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions, and will not remember thy sins. Be ye glad and rejoice forever, for behold I create a new heaven and a new earth. — And I heard a voice out of heaven saying, Behold ! the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain ; for the former things are passed away. I make all things new.

And he that sat upon the throne said unto me, Write : — for these words are true and faithful — I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things ; and I will be his God and he shall be my son.

UNDER DEPRESSION.

I am so troubled that I cannot speak. I am like a broken vessel. Will the Lord cast me off forever,

and will he be favorable no more? Is his promise clean gone forever? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Surely the word that the Lord hath spoken is very good, but thy servant is weak. O remember mine infirmities, and lift thy servant up that leaneth upon thy right hand.

There is given unto me a thorn in the flesh. For this thing I besought the Lord that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. For when I am weak then I am strong.

My times are in thy hand; make thy face to shine upon thy servant, save me for thy mercy's sake. Lift up the light of thy countenance upon me and give me peace.

Endure hardness as a good soldier: so fight not as one that beateth the air. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life. Be strong; fear not; behold your God will come and save you.



WHEN TEMPTED TO MURMUR.

Be still and know that I am God. My thoughts are not your thoughts; neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher

than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts. As the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth the bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my word not return to me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please. Shall not the judge of all the earth do right? Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Surely it is meet to be said unto God, I have borne chastisement. I will not offend any more: that which I see not teach thou me. If I have done iniquity, I will do no more. I will lay my hand upon my mouth. Let my soul live and it shall praise thee. Let thy judgment help me. Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins. Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

IN DISTRESS.

Hear my cry, O God, attend unto my prayer. Out of the depths have I cried unto thee. Thou art my shelter and a strong tower. Truly my soul wait-

eth upon God. He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defence; I shall not be moved. I will offer my prayer unto thee, O Lord. Deliver me and let me not sink. Make haste, O God, to deliver me, make haste to help me, O Lord. In thee do I put my trust, let me never be put to shame. Be thou my strong habitation where I may continually resort; thou art my rock and my fortress; the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; thou art my hope. Cast me not off, forsake me not when my strength faileth. O God, be not far from me; O my God, make haste for my help. My heart trembleth in my bosom, and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. But yet I will call upon God, and the Lord shall save me. Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray and cry aloud. I will hope continually, and will yet praise thee more and more. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death will I fear no evil. I am not alone, for the Father is with me.



IN TRIBULATION.

When thou art in tribulation, if thou turn to the Lord thy God, and shalt be obedient unto his voice — for the Lord thy God is a merciful God, — he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the covenant of thy fathers. We must, through much

tribulation, enter the kingdom of God, but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about. The angel of the Lord campeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them. Many are the afflictions of the righteous. The Lord heareth and delivereth them out of all their troubles, and saveth such as be of a contrite heart. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. Behold! happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not the chastening of the Almighty, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him: for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons. Be patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope. Have hope toward God. None of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

FOR PATIENCE.

I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me and heard my cry. It is good for a man that he should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

In your patience possess ye your souls, knowing that in heaven ye have a better and an enduring substance. Cast not away therefore your confidence. For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God ye might receive the promise. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him. Fret not thyself in anywise. They that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth. Commit thy way unto the Lord ; trust also in Him, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight, lay hold on eternal life, remembering your patience of hope in Jesus, knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

Now the God of patience and consolation, grant you that ye be of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises, giving all diligence to add to your faith, virtue ; and to virtue, knowledge ; and to knowledge, temperance ; and to temperance, patience ; and to patience, godliness ; for if these

things be in you and abound, they make you that you should be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Run with patience the race that is before, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him *endured the cross*, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and the patient waiting for Christ.

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, upon the Lord!

THE SUFFICIENT GOD.

I am afflicted very much. Consider mine affliction, and deliver me. Let my cry come near before thee, O Lord; let my supplication come before thee. Let my soul live and it shall praise thee.

In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me. Great peace have they who love thy Law, and nothing shall offend them. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee. Trust in the Lord forever, The Lord is on my side, I will not fear. The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation. I shall not die but live, and declare the works of God. The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in

whom I will trust; my buckler, my high tower. I shall not be moved. He hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. I will offer to him the sacrifice of thanksgiving. The Lord redeemeth the souls of his servants, and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate. Our sufficiency is of God.

GRATITUDE FOR RETURNING HEALTH.

I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of the grave seized upon me. I found trouble and sorrow. Then I called upon the name of the Lord. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles. Gracious is the Lord and righteous, yea, our God is merciful. Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living. I will say my vows unto the Lord. I will offer to him the sacrifice of thanksgiving.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.

FOR FAITH.

Lord, increase our faith. Without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. By it the elders obtained a good report. Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith. If we continue in the faith, grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel, rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the faith as ye have been taught, — the trial of your faith, being much more precious than that of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, shall be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ, whom having not seen ye love.

Have faith as a grain of mustard seed; watch: stand fast in the faith; be strong. Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith, for by grace are ye saved through faith. Perfect what is lacking that your faith and hope might be in God.

HOPE.

• We are saved by hope. But hope that is seen is not hope ; for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for ? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it. The Spirit helpeth all our infirmities, and we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, who against hope believed in hope. If God be for us who can be against us.

My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved : he that keepeth thee will not slumber. The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil ; he shall preserve thy soul.

Wherefore, sorrow not even as others who have no hope ; gird up the loins of your mind ; be sober and hope to the end for the grace that is offered you in the revelation of Jesus Christ. Every man that hath this hope purifieth himself, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ ; who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people. Be not moved away from the hope of the gospel, which is Christ in you, the hope of glory.

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope.

SUBMISSION.

O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight. In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast. It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth good in his eyes. Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say. Father! save me from this hour? But for this cause came I unto this hour. Father! glorify thy name. Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it dies, it bringeth forth much fruit. Herein is my Father glorified.

Submit yourselves therefore to God, looking for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Be filled with the knowledge of his will, that ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing; being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God, strengthened with all might according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering, with joyfulness, giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

I am now ready to be offered, and my departure is at hand. Now I am no more in the world. Now I go my way to him that sent me. Now come I to

thee. O righteous Father, keep me through thine own name. Into thy hands I commend my spirit. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord and righteous Judge shall give at that day unto all them that love his appearing. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. This is the will of him that sent me. Let not your heart be troubled, neither be afraid.

FOR SUPPORT UNDER SEVERE SICKNESS.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee. Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not neither is weary. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord, shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not be faint.

No chastening for the present seemeth to be joy-

ous, but grievous, nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down. Cast thy burden upon the Lord. He shall sustain thee.

Now flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruption shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death! where is thy sting. O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I heard a voice from heaven saying, — From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them or any heat. The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes. There the wicked cease from troubling, there the weary are at rest. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor pain, for the former things are passed away. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor the heart of

man conceived the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord. He shall sustain thee.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. Let us labor to enter into that rest. Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart ; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. Peace I leave with you, my peace give I unto you ; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Abide in me and I in you.

In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also. We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon

with our house which is of heaven, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

We are troubled on every side yet not distressed, we are perplexed but not in despair ; cast down but not destroyed ; knowing that he which raised up the Lord Jesus, shall raise up us also by Jesus. For which cause we faint not, but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen : for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. If the spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead, shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his spirit that dwelleth in you. For as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him. We shall all be changed. As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. This corruptible must put on

incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. For we must all appear at the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. Therefore be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come; a city which hath foundations, the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved, shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day. And there shall in nowise enter into it any thing that defileth, but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and enter in through the gates into the city. And the Spirit and the bride say, Come! and let him that heareth say, Come! and let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely. And blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection.



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* Many persons are at loss to find passages of Scripture adapted to their own want, or to read aloud to the sick. The list might easily be largely extended.

Prayers.

“He that means to have his sickness turn into safety and life, into health and virtue, must make religion the employment of his sickness, and prayer the employment of his religion. Prayer speaks to God when the tongue is stiffened with the approachings of death ; prayer can dwell in the heart and can be signified by the hand or eye, by a thought or a groan ; prayer of all the actions of religion is the last alive, and it serves God without circumstances and therefore best dresses our bodies for funeral or recovery, for the mercies of restitution or the mercies of the grave.

“Prayer is often a subject of great trial to sick people. You try to fix your thoughts in prayer. Your thoughts not only wander but they seem gone. You feel as if your mind were giving way. But this is only because you are weak. The renewal of your strength will change all that. Meanwhile do not struggle, but be still. Silence and submission are your offerings now, and will be as acceptable as were your prayers in other days.

“Do not think that continuous speaking to God is the only kind of true prayer. Do not make great efforts or fancy that you never pray unless your

prayers occupy a given time, unless they seem fervent. 'Lord help me.' 'Graciously look upon my afflictions.' 'Forgive all my sins.' 'O Lord make haste to help me.' 'Have mercy on me;'—sentences such as these will convey your wants, and will bring you blessing. These are often your best prayers, many times all you are capable of offering, and He who knows all about you will not expect any thing of you you cannot do."

TO BE USED BY A SICK PERSON.

Father in heaven, I accept this sickness from thy hands, and entirely resign myself to thy blessed will, whether it be for life or for death. In the spirit of thy Son Jesus Christ may I say, Not my will, but thine be done; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Amen.

O Holy and ever-blessed Father, I desire to praise thee always, in sickness as well as in health: I desire to join my heart and voice with the whole church of heaven and earth, in blessing thy holy name forever and ever. Amen.

O Lord ! look down from heaven, behold, visit and relieve this thy servant. Look upon me with the eye of mercy ; give me comfort, and sure confidence in thee ; support me under all the trials of my present sickness ; relieve my pains if it seem good unto thee ; and keep me in perpetual peace and safety, through thy great mercy in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

Almighty and ever-living God, Maker of mankind, who dost correct those whom thou dost love, and chastise every one whom thou dost receive : I pray thee to have mercy upon thy servant visited with thy hand, and grant that I may bear this sickness patiently ; and fit me, O Lord, for whatever in thy wise and righteous Providence thou hast appointed for me ; that I may have cause to glorify thy holy name for my present sufferings, and find that thou, O God, of very faithfulness, hast caused me to be troubled. Hear my prayers, O Lord, and grant my requests. Amen.

Hear me, Almighty and most merciful God and Saviour, extend thy accustomed goodness to thy servant. Sanctify, I beseech thee, this thy Fatherly correction to me, that the sense of my weakness may add strength to my faith, and seriousness to my

repentance ; that if it shall be thy good pleasure to restore me to my former health, I may lead the residue of my life in thy fear and to thy glory : or else give me grace so to take thy visitation, that after this painful life shall be ended, I may dwell with thee in life everlasting, according to thy gracious promises by Christ Jesus my Saviour. Amen.

Unto God's gracious mercy and protection I commend my spirit. O Lord, bless me and keep me. O Lord, make thy face to shine upon me, and be gracious unto me. O Lord, lift up the light of thy countenance upon me, and give me peace both now and forevermore. Amen.

Father in heaven, look down with mercy and pity upon thy servant, and lay not thy chastening hand upon me more heavily than I can bear. Let me acknowledge with submission and humility, that even in judgment thou art merciful, and that of very faithfulness thou hast caused me to be troubled. Thou dost afflict me with a parent's wisdom. Oh, sustain me with a parent's love. Let thy grace be sufficient for me in all my need, and let the holy influences of thy Spirit hold me up in my weakness, and inspire my heart with strength, and hope, and confidence.

Thou knowest all the necessities and all the infirmities of thy servant; fortify my soul, I beseech thee, with spiritual joys, and perfect resignation, and fill me with desires of holiness and of thy heavenly kingdom. Make my repentance entire, and my faith strong, and my hope steadfast, so that if thou dost please to continue me yet longer in life, I may serve thee with a devoted heart, and whenever thou shalt call my spirit away from earth, it may enter into the rest of the sons of God, and be with thee and the holy Jesus, and the spirits of the just made perfect, forever and ever. O Lord, hear; O Lord, be merciful; O Lord, heal, and pity, and save. Bless all my friends, and reward all the kindness which is shown me. Forgive me my trespasses, as I forgive those who trespass against me. Be with me every moment; be with me in the hour of death, and oh! in the day of judgment deliver me through thine infinite mercy in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.



Holy Father! who didst sustain and strengthen thy Son Jesus in the hour of anguish, and who hast taught us to call to thee out of the depths of our affliction; look mercifully upon thy child. My heart is exceedingly sorrowful, and I would seek relief in thy presence. Grant, gracious Father! if it be good in thy sight, that my health may be once

more restored to me, and that I may again go forth amidst thy beautiful creation, and resume my various social duties, and return to my place in the family circle ; yet, since thou hast assured me that it is out of the fulness of thy Fatherly love that thou sendest sickness as well as health, and that it is by trials and sorrows that I am to be fitted for thine eternal kingdom, I am still more desirous that I may not be unreasonably anxious as to what lies before me, but may make it my first and most fervent prayer, that my heart and soul may be conformed to thy will. O my Father ! make me thine, wholly thine ; what Thou wilt, when thou wilt, and how thou wilt. To thee would I commit myself with the most unreserved confidence. Leaning on thine Almighty arm, I shall have strength and patience equal to my pain and troubles ; and looking to thee for support and guidance, even death's dark valley will be illumined by the light of thy countenance. I would earnestly pray, thou greatest and best of Beings ! that shouldst thou be pleased once more to restore me, the fruits of this present dispensation may appear in a purer, a more pious, thoughtful, and industrious life ; and should I leave the world and return to thee, that thou wilt sustain my drooping spirit, lead me to the grave with thy fatherly tenderness, and finally unite me with my dearest friends, with Jesus and with the whole church of the first-born, at thy right hand for evermore. Amen.

Great and good God, who readest our inmost hearts! Thou knowest how much need thy servant has of thy gracious aid in this hour of grief and pain. I am frail, I am weary; soon it may be that I shall be no longer numbered among the dwellers on earth; to whom shall I look but unto thee? Thou canst make me strong in faith; thou canst raise me above all my troubles; thou canst lift me up to thyself in heaven. O Father Almighty, O holy and merciful Father! look down upon thy child with pity, wipe away my tears; enable me henceforth to bear calmly, patiently, resignedly, and cheerfully, all my sufferings, and grant me a happy issue out of all my trials. All I ask in the name, and as a disciple of thy dear Son, my Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

Spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and am seen no more. Grant that I may never sleep in sin or death eternal, but that I may have my part in the first resurrection, and that the second death may not prevail over me. Grant unto me to have faith in the Lord Jesus, a daily meditation of death, a longing desire after heaven, patience in my sorrows, comfort in my sicknesses, joy in God, a holy life, and a blessed and peaceful departure; that my soul may rest in hope, and may be raised again at the last day, to enter into the communion of saints and everlasting life. Amen.

O God! Father, and Guardian, and Friend! Thy will be done. Thy will is wholly righteous. Thy purposes are all kind and merciful. Thou dost not afflict thy creatures without some wise and benevolent end. Whatever darkness to my narrow and partial view may obscure thy designs, and render thy dispensations unsearchable, suffer me not for a moment to distrust thy wisdom and unmixed goodness. I am thy child. I would cling to thee continually with a stronger filial duty and love; and I would cast myself entirely upon thy paternal affection. Have mercy upon me, O my God, and let me not in this hour of trial sink under my burden.

May no pain to which I may be subjected shut from my sight the blessings which I have received at thy hands. I would bow my head before thee in calm submission to thine appointments. O my God, suffer no complaint to escape my lips; still every murmur within my heart. Teach me to bear with fortitude whatever may be laid upon me. May I become more and more prepared for the hour of my departure. My only hope is in thy mercy. To that mercy thy blessed Son Jesus has directed me; and to that I fly for forgiveness and succor. Cast me not away, but strengthened by thy grace and forgiven by thy love, may I press on to meet thy will, trusting, at last, to rejoin the friends who have gone before me, in that blessed world, where all tears shall be wiped away; where death shall never come, and

where are God, my Father, and Christ, my Saviour. This, O God, I humbly beg in the name of that blessed Saviour, whose patience and resignation I would follow, whose promises inspire my hopes, and whose resurrection gives me the assurance of immortality. Amen.

Hear me when I call upon thee, O God, my refuge and strength, and stretch forth thine hand to deliver me. My soul melts for heaviness, — fearfulness and trembling are come upon me. Blessed be thy name, that as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for thou knowest their frame, thou rememberest that they are dust. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are thy ways higher than my ways, and thy thoughts than my thoughts.

O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak. Hear me, for I am sore vexed. Return, O Lord, and deliver my soul; save me for thy mercies' sake.

Help me to remember that affliction cometh not forth out of the dust, neither doth sorrow spring forth out of the ground. Show me wherefore thou contendest with me, and enable me in my affliction to humble myself greatly before thee, O thou Father of my spirit, to repent and turn from every evil way;

that being judged and chastened of the Lord, I may not be condemned with the world.

Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me ; nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done. Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever. Perfect that which concerneth me. Forsake not the work of thine own hands.

Thou, O Lord, makest sore and bindest up ; thou woundest, and thy hands make whole. Though thou causest grief, yet wilt thou have compassion. Whilst afflictions abound, let thy consolations much more abound.

Grant, O Lord, that this trial of my faith may be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ, through whom unto thee be glory and praise for evermore. Amen.



Lord of life ! who orderest all things in heaven and in earth, I submit myself to the disposal of that wisdom which cannot err, and to the care of that goodness which is unchangeable and everlasting. I would humbly own and reverence thy hand in my present sickness. I would believe that it is sent for my spiritual good. My first desire is that it may be so sanctified to me.

O my Father ! with submission to thy will I pray for my restoration to health. With thee nothing is

impossible. Speak the word of healing, and thy servant shall live. Spare me in mercy, and give me a further opportunity of working out my salvation. May I yet live to perform my duties more acceptably. But if thou hast ordered otherwise, — not my will but thine be done.

While I plead for the health of my body, I would more earnestly pray for that of my soul. May sickness in the body bring health to the mind; and the fruit of affliction be the removal of sin. May I learn to bless thy name when thou takest away as well as when thou givest. I ask for a tranquil resignation to that Fatherly Providence which sees the end from the beginning. In all my weaknesses be thou my stay and support; in all my sorrows and trials be thou my consolation and refuge. Endue me with patience, fortitude, and meekness under the pains of disease and the irksomeness of confinement. Above all, prepare me for death. Blot out my transgressions through thine infinite mercy in Christ Jesus; and dispose me to do what is necessary for the great exchange of worlds. Amen.

O most gracious God! burdened as I am with a heavy load of pain and sickness, give me grace, I humbly beseech thee, to collect what thoughts and powers I have left, to employ them all in bearing my

sufferings patiently. When I come to be a little at ease, let me be sure to praise thee for it, and to improve it in meditating upon thy goodness. Let me employ the best strength I have in meditation and prayer, and then let me not fear that it will offend thee, that in this state of pain and weakness I cannot seek thee with the vigor of health. Let me assure myself that thou wilt accept of a feeble prayer from a faint and feeble spirit, and of a short prayer from one who cannot attend long to any thing; and let not any temptation prevail to cause me to restrain prayer before thee, the Father of mercies, the God of all grace, and the only refuge of my soul. May I reflect that Elias was a man subject to such passions as I am, and he prayed earnestly, and his prayers were graciously answered; and may I be encouraged to believe that thou wilt do, even for me, abundantly more than I ask, or can even think, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Grant, O most gracious God, that I may be patient toward all who kindly minister to my wants. Suffer me not in anywise to fret myself, or to be causelessly angry.

Enable me always, O heavenly Father, to show myself pleased and obliged with the least kindness which I receive, and to put the best construction upon every thing, and to pass over things with ease, which

are not done for me as I could desire. Assist me, I beseech thee, to make it my study, on all occasions, to give no more trouble than is unavoidable. May I set a watch upon my tongue, and not suffer it to utter any fretful expressions; nor to make my sufferings seem greater, or my supports fewer, than they really are.

Let the remembrance of my sinfulness and unworthiness ever withhold me from complaining and murmuring; and let the conviction that thou art very pitiful and of tender mercy, soothe all my pains and fears, and sustain my hope. May the example of him who suffered and died for me, and the remembrance that he is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, be a never-failing consolation and support to me. Hear me, O Lord, through Jesus Christ, thy Son. Amen.

Be not thou far from me, O Lord, for trouble is near. Fearfulness and trembling have taken hold upon me; let thy strength come in to support me. Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my sin. Help me, O Lord, for thou art my hope. All my desires are before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee. Appear for me when all human help faileth. Make haste to help me. Let not my burdens come faster upon me than thy succors do, but give me patience to bear my sufferings, and qui-

ctly to wait thy time for relief. Thou takest pleasure in them that hope in thy mercy. Oh, increase my faith ; sustain my hope in thee.

Thy mercy and thy power are ever the same. Thou knowest my frame. Thou rememberest that I am but dust. My heart panteth, my strength faileth me ; as for the light of mine eyes, it is gone from me. Hear me speedily, for I am brought very low. Forsake me not when my strength faileth. If thou wilt support me, nothing will be too heavy for me. Oh make thy strength perfect in my weakness. Thou delightest in mercy ; oh save me for thy mercy's sake. Correct me, but with judgment. Thou hast said thou wilt not contend forever. Oh turn unto me, and have mercy upon me, through thy beloved Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

Father, I raise unto thee my cry ; in thy mercy hear me. Only thou knowest the necessity ; I feel but the bitterness of the draught. My very soul is oppressed by my sufferings. I am faint in body and feeble in mind ; I am pained without and within. Only thou canst support me ; only thou canst lift me up. Suffer me not to complain or become impatient. Oh let it be that I may have such relief, and so constant, that I shall never lose the power of unbroken thought ; that I shall never fail of controlling my temper, my tongue, and my conduct to those about

me. Let not others suffer from any restlessness or unkindness of mine. Strengthen me to possess my soul, to preserve faith in thee, to be gentle and loving to all. For every relief I thank thee, and if I am again to bear the severities of pain, again to faint in weakness, I beseech thee still to comfort me. Carry my thoughts back to thy Son in his deeper sorrows; and impart to me something of the trust which was with him in his lonely grief, which gave his soul rest in thee, when he bowed heavily to the earth, which renewed his calmness when his enemies laid their hands upon him, which remained with him when he bore his cross, and stood before the judgment-seat, and which broke from his lips as his spirit arose to thee. Make me like this dearly-beloved Son of God, a lowly child of thine; and now and always with him, enable the feeble one to say, The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? Blessed be thou, Father, forever. Amen.

Father of mercies, and God of all comfort, I come to thee as my refuge in the time of danger, my help in the hour of distress. I am brought to the gates of death. The hour of my departure draweth nigh. I shall have no power over the spirit to retain it.

I would not forget the many and varied blessings which have sustained me and gladdened me through

my past life ; yet most of all, I thank thee for the redemption there is in Christ Jesus, and for the promise of an incorruptible inheritance beyond the grave. I cast myself on thy free and abounding grace held forth in him as my Redeemer ; and do thou say to my soul, “ Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee ; depart in peace.”

Kind Disposer of all events, help me to do, while I live, the work which remains to be done. If I have injured any, I would make due reparation, and be at peace with all men before I die. Taken from a world to which I cannot return, do thou comfort and guide those objects of my affections which I leave behind. Provide for them in thy bountiful love, and let thy providence be their stay in this world, and thy salvation their inheritance in the world to come.

And now, O Lord, what wait I for ? My hope is in thee. Thou hast brought me to this hour with a Parent’s wisdom : oh sustain me with a Parent’s love. Let no increase of pain produce repining, or draw from me an inconsiderate prayer. If this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, thy will be done. Prepare me for the solemn hour, and be with me in it. Let not my faith waver, nor my hope fail. Strengthen me in the last conflict of nature, and carry me safely through every pain. O God, breathe hope and peace into my departing spirit, and when the shadows of death shall compass me about, may beams from the Sun of Righteousness illumine

the dark valley ; may thy rod and thy staff comfort me ; and let me have a happy transition from this world of sin, trial, and suffering, into that rest which remains for the people of God. All of which I ask in faith as the disciple of him who hath taken from death its sting, and the grave its victory. Amen.

Prayers

TO BE USED WITH A SICK PERSON.

O LORD, look down from heaven : behold, visit, and relieve this thy servant. Look upon *him* with the eyes of thy mercy ; give *him* comfort and sure confidence in thee ; support *him* under all the trials of *his* present sickness ; relieve *his* pains, if it seem good in thy sight ; and keep *him* in perpetual peace and safety through thy great loving-kindness in Jesus Christ. Amen.



Hear us, Almighty and most merciful God and Saviour : extend thy accustomed goodness to this thy servant, who is grieved with sickness. Sanctify, we beseech thee, this thy fatherly correction to *him* ; that the sense of *his* weakness may add strength to his faith, and seriousness to *his* repentance ; that if it shall be thy good pleasure to restore *him* to his former health, he may lead the residue of his life in thy fear and to thy glory ; or else give *him* grace so to take thy visitation, that, after this life is ended,

he may dwell with thee and with thy glorified Son in life everlasting. Amen.

Almighty God, merciful and gracious, thou hast now called thy servant to the fellowship of the cross. Grant, we earnestly beseech thee, that his sufferings may be so sanctified by thy grace, as indeed to unite him more closely to thy blessed Son. O heavenly Father, support the spirit of thy child who now flies to thee for succor; make him ready to receive any fatherly chastening thou shalt see fit to appoint; that he may either, upon the return of health, run a new race of holiness and well-doing, or, passing hence by the gate of death, be prepared to enter into the joy of his Lord. Amen.

O most merciful God, who, according to the multitude of thy mercies, dost so put away the sins of those who truly repent that thou rememberest them no more; open thine eye of mercy upon this thy servant, who most earnestly desireth pardon and forgiveness. Renew in him, most loving Father, whatsoever hath decayed by his own casual will and frailness. Consider his contrition; accept his tears; strengthen him with thy blessed Spirit; and when it shall be thy will to take him hence, receive him into

thy heavenly presence, and into everlasting fellowship with thy most dearly beloved Son. Amen.

Gracious God, give thy servant patience in *his* sorrows, comfort in this *his* sickness : and restore *him* to health, if it seem good to thee, in order to thy great and gracious ends, and *his* highest interests. And however thou shalt determine concerning *him* in this great trial, yet make *his* repentance perfect, and *his* passage safe, and *his* hope modest and confident : that when thou shalt call *his* soul from this corruptible body, *he* may enter into the security and rest of the sons of God, in the bosom of everlasting blessedness, and in communion with Jesus Christ our blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Almighty God ! Father of all mercies, the God of peace and comfort, rest and pardon, we humbly entreat that thy mercy may descend to the soul and body of this distressed sufferer. Refresh *him* with the consolations of thy Spirit. Suffer not *his* pain or weakness, or any other calamity, to discompose *his* thoughts. Dispel *his* fears. Enliven *his* hopes. Lord, let *him* not be faithless, but believing ; and though now *he* walketh in darkness, and hath no

light, enable *him* to trust in thee, and to take shelter under the shadow of thy wings.

Settle in *his* soul a steadfast conviction that thou dost not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men, but intendest good to them in all thy corrections. Show thyself unto *him*, O Lord! as the only stay and support of *his* soul, and as the rock of *his* salvation.

In the multitude of the thoughts and sorrows of *his* heart, let thy comforts come in to refresh *his* soul. O gracious Father! pity *his* frailties, forgive *his* sins, and heal *him* both in soul and body.

So rebuke *his* disorder if it seem good to thee that *his* spirit may revive, and *his* soul return unto its rest. Make haste, O Lord! to deliver *him*, and preserve *him* unto thine heavenly kingdom, of thine infinite love, in Christ Jesus. Amen.



Almighty, and most merciful God! We desire at this time to commend to thy compassionate regard this thine afflicted servant. Be not thou far from *him*, for trouble is near. Hide *him* under the shadow of thy wings. Show thy marvellous loving-kindness unto *him*, O Thou that savest with thy right hand them which put their trust in thee. Give *him* to know that in faithfulness thou afflictest *him*. Under all *his* weaknesses, fears, and depressions, may

thy Spirit help *his* infirmities with supplies of wisdom, grace, and strength.

Hide not thy mercy from *him*, but enable *him* to trust in it, and with a contrite spirit, to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Create in *him* a clean heart. Renew in *him* a right spirit. Give *him* faith to believe in the Lord Christ Jesus, and grant, that believing, *he* may have life through his name. May *his* tribulations work patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. May hope ripen into faith, so that at the last summons *he* may be cheered by those consolations which the world cannot give, nor death itself take away. Thine, O God! is the power, and thine is the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

O most merciful and gracious God! who hast promised to fulfil the desire of them that fear thee, and to give to every one that asketh of thee, we rejoice that we are permitted to draw near unto thee, and would come at this time, in behalf of this thy servant, whom thou art pleased to continue long in the furnace of affliction. Let it please thee to alleviate *his* sufferings.

Suffer *him* not to sink under any of the depressing circumstances of *his* case, but let thine arm sustain *him*, and thy promises encourage and refresh *him*.

Be with us all according to our wants, our duties,

and our difficulties. May we be led to prepare, in the season of health, for the days of darkness and the months of vanity. Hear and answer us ; we ask it as disciples of thy Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

IN DANGER.

Lord of all power and might ! look down, we beseech thee, mercifully upon this thy servant. Be gracious and favorable unto *him*, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies.

Great as we fear *his* danger is, if thou wilt, O Lord, thou canst yet make *him* whole. If thou but speak the word, it shall be done. In submission to thy most wise and righteous disposal of all things, we would beg this mercy at thy hands, that thou wouldst cause this bitter cup to pass from *him*.

But however thou shalt be pleased to deal with *him* as to the concerns of the body, yet, Lord, we beseech thee, let *his* soul be precious in thy sight. Give *him* a right discerning of the things that belong to *his* peace, before they be hidden from *his* eyes. Take *him* not out of this life, till thou hast fitted *him* for a better. Give *him*, we beseech thee, repentance toward God, and faith in Christ, the only Saviour of the world.

Freely and fully pardon *him*, and deliver *him* from the love, and the power, and the pollution, as well as from the punishment and all the evil consequences of *his* sins. Cheer *him* with the hope of pardon and acceptance with thee. Show *him* thy mercy, and grant *him* thy salvation. If thou hast determined that this sickness shall be unto death, prepare *him*, O almighty and most merciful God, for thy blissful presence, and grant *him* a safe and comfortable passage out of this life to an infinitely better, and receive *him* into the blessed society of saints and of angels, there to love and to adore thee forever. All of which we ask in the faith of the Redeemer. Amen.

Father of mercies, and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need ! we fly unto thee for succor in behalf of this thy servant, here lying under thy hand in great weakness of body. Look graciously upon *him*, O Lord ; and the more the outward man decayeth, strengthen *him*, we beseech thee, so much the more continually with thy grace and Holy Spirit in the inner man. Give *him* unfeigned repentance for all the errors of *his* life past, and steadfast faith in thy son Jesus ; that *his* sins may be done away by thy mercy, and *his* pardon sealed in heaven, before *he* go hence and be no more seen. We know,

O Lord, that there is no work impossible with thee ; and that, if thou wilt, thou canst even yet raise him up, and grant him a longer continuance amongst us ; yet, forasmuch as in all appearance, the time of *his* dissolution draweth near, so fit and prepare *him*, we beseech thee, against the hour of death, that after *his* departure hence in peace, and in thy favor, *his* soul may be received into thine everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Almighty God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ ! be near to this thy servant in the parting moment. Speak peace to *his* soul. Breathe into *his* fainting spirit the refreshings of mercy. Raise *his* thoughts to thee. Disengage *him* from the world. May *he* know that if *his* earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, *he* has a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Enable *him*, if it be only in sighs, to commend *his* soul into thy hands.

And when the solemn moment comes that *he* shall be removed hence, may *he* gently fall asleep in Jesus, to awaken in the arms of everlasting love, in that place where the sun shall be no more *his* light by day, nor the moon by night, but where God shall be *his* everlasting light.

Grant unto *him*, and unto us, the pardon of our sins, an humble faith in Jesus Christ our Lord, and grace to walk in the way of thy commandments. Amen.



ON RECOVERY.

I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth ! that thou hast heard my prayers, and given me some respite and hopes of recovery from my illness. Blessed be thy goodness, that I am likely to continue still in the land of the living. And, O thou Preserver of man ! who hast begun to revive and quicken me again, go on to perfect my cure, and visit me, in the mean time, with thy heavenly consolation from above. Fill me with comfortable thoughts of thy love, and of the tender, compassionate care which our Lord Jesus promises to all thy afflicted servants. Endue me still with more patient submission, and enable me both quietly to wait upon thee till thou hast finished my recovery, and also to continue steadfastly resolved to serve thee more faithfully with my renewed strength ; through Jesus Christ my Saviour. Amen.

Giver and Preserver of Life ! I desire with grateful heart to celebrate thy mercy to thy servant, whom thou hast been pleased to raise up from sickness, and restore to health and strength. Blessed be thy name, for thou hast heard my voice when I cried unto thee, and hast granted my prayer. O Father ! may I henceforth employ in thy service those powers which thou hast originally bestowed, and dost continually preserve ; and may I be enabled to show my thankfulness, by a cheerful and uniform compliance with thy will, and by a persevering fulfilment of all my various duties. In health and in sickness, in sorrow and in joy, in life and in death, may I remember thee, and be thou my consolation and great reward. All my prayers I present at thy throne, in the name and as a disciple of Jesus Christ ; and through him ascribe unto thee all power and glory forever and ever. Amen.

O thou God of providence and grace ! all my times are in thy hands. All diseases come at thy call and go at thy bidding. Thou redeemest my life from destruction, and crownest me with loving-kindness and tender mercies. Thou hast chastened me sore, but thou hast not given me over to death. May I live to declare the works of the Lord, and may the

impressions produced on my mind by recent mercies be durable as well as lively. May my spared life be devoted to thy glory ; and may I remember that the sentence which dooms me to the dust is only suspended, and that, at most, when a few years shall come, I shall go the way whence I shall not return. May I live, therefore, with eternity in view, and give diligence to secure the one thing needful.

I ask all in the name of my Saviour, through whom to thee be glory and praise for evermore. Amen.

Selections of Poetry.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
 So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,
 My God ! silent to Thee —
 Pure, warm, silent to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
 The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
 So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
 The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
 My God ! trembling to Thee —
 True, fond, trembling to Thee.

HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
 Alike they're needful for the flower ;
 And joys and tears alike are sent
 To give the soul fit nourishment.
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
 With murmurs, whom they trust and love ?
 Creator ! I would ever be
 A trusting, loving child to thee.
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh! ne'er will I at life repine —
Enough that thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath, —
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

CHAMBER of sickness! much to thee I owe,
Though dark thou be;
The lessons it imports me most to know,
I owe to thee!
A sacred seminary thou hast been,
I trust, to train me to a happier scene.

Chamber of sickness! suffering and alone,
My friends withdrawn,
The blessed beams of heavenly truth have shone
On me, forlorn,
With such a hallowed vividness and power
As ne'er were granted to a brighter hour.

Chamber of sickness! 'midst thy silence, oft
A voice is heard,
Which though it fall like dew on flowers, so soft,
Yet speaks each word
Into the aching heart's unseen recess,
With power no earthly accents could possess.

Chamber of sickness! in that bright abode
Where there is no more pain,
If, through the mercy of my Saviour God,
A seat I gain,

This theme shall tune my golden harp's soft lays —
That in thy shelter passed my earthly days.

FATHER, thy gentle chastisement
Falls kindly on my burdened soul ;
I see its merciful intent,
To warn me back to thy control ;
And pray that, while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace with God.

The errors of my heart I know ;
I feel my deep infirmities ;
For often virtuous feelings glow,
And holy purposes arise ;
But, like the morning clouds, decay,
As empty, though as fair, as they.

Forgive the weakness I deplore ;
And let thy grace abound in me,
That I may trust my heart no more,
But wholly cast myself on thee ;
Oh, let my Father's strength be mine,
And my devoted life be thine !

LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine !
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine !

O Father ! in that hour,
When earth all succoring power
 Shall disavow ;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down,
 Sustain us, thou !

By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
 The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away ;
 Aid us, O God !

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
 Father divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
 Thine, only thine !



FATHER ! that in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
 Strengthen thy Son ; —

Oh, by the anguish of that night
Send us down blest relief ;
Or to the chastened, let thy might
 Hallow this grief !

And thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,

Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
Thy will be done ;

By thy meek spirit, thou of all,
That e'er have mourned the chief!
Thou Saviour ! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief !

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on !
Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to see and chose my path ; but now
Lead thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and hill, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night be gone ;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
That I have loved long since, and lost erewhile.

DEATH comes to take me where I long to be ;
One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower ;

Death comes to lead me from mortality,
To lands which know not one unhappy hour ;
I have a hope, a faith, — from sorrow here
I'm led by death away — why should I start and fear ?

If I have loved the forest and the field,
Can I not love them deeper, better there ?
If all that power hath made, to me doth yield
Something of good and beauty — something fair —
Freed from the grossness of mortality,
May I not love them all, and better all enjoy ?

A change from woe to joy — from earth to heaven !
Death gives me this — it leads me calmly where
The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again. Death answers many a prayer.
Bright day, shine on ! Be glad : days brighter far
Are stretched before my eyes than those of mortals are.



I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's Acre ! it is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the Archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth ;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;
This is the field and acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow !

THERE is a land, where everlasting suns
Shed everlasting brightness — where the soul
Drinks from the living streams of Love, that roll
By God's high throne ; myriads of glorious ones
Bring there th' accepted offering. Oh how blest
To look from this dark prison to that shrine,
To inhale one breath of Paradise divine —
And enter into that eternal rest
Which waits the sons of God ! Remote from care,
Remote from disappointment, to employ
Hours never-ending in the courts of joy,
And wear a crown of heavenly splendor there.

With such a destiny — what earthly fear,
What earthly woe, shall cloud my spirit ? None.
Forward, then, forward to the golden throne !
Why should our restless wishes linger here ?
See from the clouds a smiling angel calls,
“ Come hither, Christian ! Open is the door —
The path is straight — delay not, doubt no more,
Lo ! thou art welcome to the heavenly halls.”
Father, I go ! — I hear th' inviting sound —
No more shall earthly objects dim my eyes —

Away, away the world's dull vanities !
I hasten on — to heaven, to Eden bound.

OH, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall beam again
From lids that now o'erflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnest of serener years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide our evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

O THOU, whose wise paternal love
Hath brought my active vigor down,
Thy choice I thankfully approve,
And, prostrate at thy gracious throne,
I offer up my life's remains,
I choose the state my God ordains.

Cast as a broken vessel by;
Thy will I can no longer do;
Yet while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show;
My patience may thy glory raise,
My speechless woe proclaim thy praise.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,

Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly ;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands :
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe thou shalt go on ;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Give to the winds thy fears ;
 Hope and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
 He shall lift up thy head :
Through waves, through clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
 Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath rule,
 And all things serve his might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
 His path unsullied light.
Thou comprehend'st him not,
 Yet earth and heaven tell
God sits as sovereign on the throne,
 He ruleth all things well.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee ;
Oh, lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee !
Let us in life and death
 Boldly thy truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
 Thy love and guardian care.



LORD, I believe a rest remains,
 To all thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art loved alone ;

A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above,
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

Oh, that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in ;
Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin !

Remove all hardness from my heart,
All unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

THOU, infinite in love !
Guide this bewildered mind,
Which, like the trembling dove,
No resting-place can find.
On the wild waters, — God of light,
Through the thick darkness lead me right !

Bid the fierce conflict cease,
And fear and anguish fly ;
Let there again be peace,
As in the days gone by ;
In Jesus' name I cry to thee,
Remembering Gethsemane.

Fain would earth's true and dear
Save me in this dark hour ;
And art not thou more near ?
Art thou not love and power ?

Vain is the help of man, — but thou
Canst send deliverance even now.

Though through the future's shade
Pale phantoms I descry,
Let me not shrink dismayed,
But ever feel thee nigh.
There may be grief, and pain, and care,
But, O my Father! thou art there.

FAINT not, poor traveller, though the way
Be rough like that thy Saviour trod;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to God.

Nay, sink not, though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain;
Thou dost but share the lot of him
With whom his followers are to reign.

Christian! thy friend, thy master, prayed,
While dread and anguish shook his frame,
Then met his sufferings undismayed;
Wilt thou not strive to do the same?

Oh, thinkest thou his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays
Than now, when throned all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn his praise?

Go, sufferer, calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear;

Then rising, as thy Saviour rose,
Go, his eternal victory share.

MY God! I thank thee; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

FATHER! in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love,
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Lord! we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;

And we will ever trust each unknown morrow —
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have her will
Or we despair, oh may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.



THOU that art strong to comfort, look on me!
I sit in darkness and behold no light;
Over my soul the waves of agony
Have gone, and left me in a rayless night.

A bruised and broken reed sustain! sustain!
Divinest Comforter, to thee I fly,
To whom no soul hath ever fled in vain;
Support me with thy love, or else I die.

Father! whate'er I had, it all was thine;
A God of mercy thou hast ever been;
Oh help me what I most loved to resign,
And if I murmur, count it not for sin.

My soul is strengthened now, and it shall bear
All that remains, whatever it may be;
And from the very depths of my despair
I will look up, O God, and trust in thee.

OH, who, in such a world as this
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain ?
That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies ;
Hope that unites our souls to heaven,
By faith's endearing ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly comforts lose their power ?
My Father ! let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

Is there a time of fear or grief,
Which sees no prospect of relief ?
My Father ! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ ?
My Father ! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.

The noon-tide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of health, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

Is thy path lonely ? fear it not, for He
Who marks the sparrow's fall is guarding thee ;
And not a star shines o'er thine head by night,
But he hath known that it will reach thy sight :
And not a joy can beautify thy lot,
But tells thee still that thou art unforgot :
Nay, not a grief can darken or surprise,
Swell in thy heart, or dim with tears thine eyes,
But it is sent in mercy and in love,
To bid thy helplessness seek strength above.

GREAT Author of the world, I bow
Beneath thy chastening rod ;
And at thy feet I lay me low,
My Father and my God !

From the same hand, all merciful,
Are blessings day by day ;
Fill thou my cup of misery full,
I will not turn away.

But oh ! this vain, this frantic hope,
That burns within my breast,
That fills my soul's extremest scope,
And will not let me rest ;—

Grant thou the power to overcome,
The patience to subdue ;
Oh call my wandering spirit home,
My feeble faith renew.

And pardon thou my bosom's guilt,
That idols there should be ;
Make me, O Lord, whate'er thou wilt,
So I forsake not thee !

My Father ! when around me spread,
I see the shadows of the tomb ;
And life's bright visions droop and fade,
And darkness veils my future doom ;

Oh, in that anguished hour I turn
With a still trusting heart to thee !
And holy thoughts still shine and burn
Amid that cold, sad destiny.

They fill my soul with heavenly light,
While all around is pain and woe ;
And strengthened by them in thy sight,
Father, to drink thy cup, I go !

Thy will be done ! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love ;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears ;
And though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours the immortal years ?

Father ! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time ;
And bid the soul on angel wings
Ascend into a purer clime.

There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love ;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

That glorious life will well repay
This life of toil, and care, and woe ;
O Father ! joyful on my way,
To drink thy bitter cup I go.



THOU who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe
Wearing the form of frail mortality !
Thy blessed labors done
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to thy home on high.

Man may no longer trace
In thy celestial face
The image of the bright, the viewless One ;
Nor may thy servants hear
Save with faith's raptured ear
Thy voice of tenderness, God's holy Son.

Our eyes behold thee not,
Yet hast thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust, in thee.

Before thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where thou art, they may also be.

It was no path of flowers
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread ;
And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

O thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife !
Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests bowed ?
Raise thou our eyes above
To see a Father's love
Beam like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be :
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.



I WILL not let thee go ; thou help in time of need !
Heap ill on ill
I trust thee still,
E'en when it seems as thou wouldst slay indeed !
Do as thou wilt with me,
I yet will cling to thee,
Hide thou thy face : yet, Help in time of need,
I will not let thee go !

I will not let thee go; should I forsake my bliss?

No, Lord, thou 'rt mine,

And I am thine,

Thee will I hold when all things else I miss.

Though dark and sad the night,

Joy cometh with thy light.

O thou my Sun; should I forsake my bliss?

I will not let thee go!

I will not let thee go, my Help, my Life, my Lord!

Not death can tear

Me from his care,

Who for my sake his soul in death outpoured.

Thou diedst in love to me,

I say in love to thee,

E'en when my heart shall break, my Help, my Life,

my Lord,

I will not let thee go!



He knelt; the Saviour knelt and prayed,

When but his Father's eye

Looked, through the lonely garden's shade,

On that dread agony;

He poured in prayer his suppliant breath,

Bowed down with sorrow unto death.

The sun went down in fearful hour;

The heavens might well grow dim,

When this mortality had power

Thus to o'ershadow him;

That he who came to save might know

The very depth of human woe.

He knew them all, — the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread ;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All darkened round his head ;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray ;
Yet passed it not, that cup away.

It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread ;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead ;
But there was sent him, from on high,
A gift of strength, for man to die.

And was his mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay ?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark, narrow way ?
How, but through him, that path who trod ?
Save, or we perish, Son of God !

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
“ Come unto me and rest ;
“ Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
“ Thy head upon my breast ! ”
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn, and sad ;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“ Behold ! I freely give

"The living water; thirsty one,
"Stoop down, and drink and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
"Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
"And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support, and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing!

Wilt thou not regard my call?
Wilt thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo! on thee I cast my care!
Reach me out thy gracious hand!
While I of thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying and behold I live!

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

In my hand no price I bring
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be !
 Lead me by thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best :
 Winding or straight it matters not,
 It leads me to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
 I would not if I might ;
 Choose thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
 Is thine : so let the way
 That leads to it be thine,
 Else I must surely stray.

Not mine, not mine the choice
 In things or great or small ;
 Be thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all.



I THINK we are too ready with complaint
 In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
 Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
 Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be faint
 To muse upon eternity's constraint
 Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
 Must widen early, is it well to droop,
 For a few days consumed in loss and taint ?

O pusillanimous heart, be comforted, —
And like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? — At least it may be said,
“Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God!”



FOREVER with the Lord !
Amen ! so let it be !
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my tent,
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul ! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease ;
While sweetly o'er the gladden'd heart,
Expands the bow of peace !

Then, then I feel, that He
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

WILT Thou not visit me ?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew ;
Each blade of grass I see,
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt thou not visit me ?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone ;
And every hill and tree,
Lend but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

Come ! for I need thy love,
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;
Come, like thy holy dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes ! thou wilt visit me ;
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

“ WHEN I am weak, I’m strong,”
The great Apostle cried.
The strength that did not to the earth belong,
The might of Heaven supplied.

“ When I am weak, I’m strong,”
Blind Milton caught that strain.
And flung its victory o’er the ills that throng
Round Age, and Want, and Pain.

“ When I am weak, I’m strong,”
Each Christian heart repeats ;
These words will tune its feeblest breath to song,
And fire its languid beats.

O Holy Strength ! whose ground
Is in the heavenly land ;
And whose supporting help alone is found
In God’s immortal hand !

It bids us cast aside
All thoughts of lesser powers ; —
Give up all hopes from changing time and tide,
And all vain will of ours.

We have but to confess,
That there’s but one retreat :
And meekly lay each need and each distress,
Down at the Sovereign feet ; —

Then, then it fills the place
Of all we hoped to do ;
And sunken Nature triumphs in the grace,
That bears us up and through.

A better glow than health,
Flushes the cheek and brow ;
The heart is stout with store of nameless wealth : —
We can do all things now.

No less sufficiency seek ;
All counsel less is wrong ;
The whole world's force is poor, and mean, and weak ; —
“ When I am weak, I'm strong.”

PAIN'S furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow ;
And yet I whisper — As God will !
And in his hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
In his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow ;
And yet I whisper — As God will !
And at his heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it ;
The sparks fly off at every blow ;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow ;
And yet I whisper — As God will !
And, in his mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur ? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be ;

Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me ;
So I say, trusting — As God will !
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely,
Afflictions glowing, fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master hand ;
So I say, praying — As God will !
And hope in him, and suffer still.

God liveth ever !
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou, never !
Our God is good ; in every place
His love is known, his help is found,
His mighty arm, and tender grace
Bring good from ills that hem us round.
Easier than we think can he
Turn to joy our agony.
Soul, remember 'mid thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever !
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou, never !
Scarce canst thou bear thy cross ? Then fly
To him where only rest is sweet ;
Thy God is great, his mercy nigh,
His strength upholds the tottering feet.
Trust him, for his grace is sure,
Ever doth his truth endure ;
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever !
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou, never !
What though thou tread with bleeding feet,
A thorny path of grief and gloom,
Thy God will choose the way most meet,
To lead thee heavenwards, lead thee home.
For this life's long night of sadness,
He will give thee peace and gladness.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him whate'er betide,
Thou'lt find him in the evil days,
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail
These never-ceasing moans and sighs ?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies ?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

Nor in the heat of pain and strife,
Think God hath cast thee off unheard,
And that the man, whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of him preferred.
Time passes, and much change doth bring
And sets a bound to every thing.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from his ways,
But do thine own part faithfully,
Trust his rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee ;
God never yet forsook at need,
The soul that trusted him indeed.



I ONLY would be spent — in pain
And loss, perchance — but not in vain.

I am content — to be so weak, —
Put strength into the words I speak,
And I am strong in what I seek !

I am content to be so bare
Before the archers ; everywhere
My wounds being stroked by heavenly air.

I am content to touch the brink
Of pain's dark goblet, and I think
My bitter drink a wholesome drink.

Because my portion was assigned
Wholesome and bitter — thou art kind,
And I am blessèd to my mind,

I *know* — is all the mourner saith : —
Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And Life is perfected by Death.

Glory to God — to God ! he saith —
Knowledge by suffering entereth, —
And Life is perfected by Death.

THEREFORE, O friend, I would not, if I might,
Rebuild my house of lies, wherein I joyed
One time to dwell : my soul shall walk in white,
Cast down, but not destroyed.

Therefore in patience I possess my soul ;
Yea, therefore as a flint I set my face,
To pluck down, to build up again the whole —
But in a distant place.

These thorns are sharp, yet I can tread on them ;
This cup is loathsome, yet He makes it sweet ;
My face is steadfast toward Jerusalem,
My heart remembers it.

I lift the hanging hands, the feeble knees —
I, precious more than seven times molten gold —
Until the day when from his storehouses
God shall bring new and old ;

Beauty for ashes, oil for joy and grief,
Garment of praise for spirit of heaviness ;
Although to-day I fade as doth a leaf,
I languish and grow less.

Although to-day he prunes my twigs with pain,
Yet doth his blood nourish and warm my root :
To-morrow I shall put forth buds again,
And clothe myself with fruit.

Although to-day I walk in tedious ways,
To-day his staff is turned into a rod,
Yet will I wait for him the appointed days,
And stay upon my God.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow ;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm,
Upon earth's fevered brow !

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm.
Let thine outstretchèd wing,
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert-spring.

Yes ; keep me calm though loud and rude,
The sounds my ear that greet ;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street ;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain ;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain ;

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
Th' eternal calm to gain.

'Tis first the true, and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful, and then the true ;
First the wild moor, with rock, and reed, and pool,
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

Not first the glad, and then the sorrowful,
But first the sorrowful, and then the glad ;
Tears for a day — for earth of tears is full —
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark,
But first the dark, and after that the bright ;
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,
First the dark grave, then resurrection's light.

'Tis first the night — stern night of storm and war,
Long nights of heavy clouds and veiled skies —
Then the far sparkle of the morning star,
That bids the saints awake and dawn arise.



THROUGH night to light ! And though to mortal eyes,
Creation's face a pall of horror wear,
Good cheer ! good cheer ! The gloom of midnight flies ;
Then shall a sunrise follow, mild and fair.

Through strife to peace ! And though with bristling front,
A thousand frightful deaths encompass thee,
Good cheer ! good cheer ! Brave thou the battle's brunt,
For the peace-march and song of victory.

Through toil to sleep! And though the sultry noon,
With heavy, drooping wing, oppress thee now,
Good cheer! good cheer! The cool of evening soon
Shall lull to sweet repose thy weary brow.

Through cross to crown! And though thy spirit's life
Trials untold assail with giant strength,
Good cheer! good cheer! Soon ends the bitter strife,
And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.

Through woe to joy! And though at morn thou weep,
And though the midnight find thee weeping still,
Good cheer! good cheer! The Shepherd loves his sheep,
Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

Through death to Life! And through this vale of tears,
And through this thistle-field of life, ascend
To the great supper in that world whose years
Of bliss unfading, know no end.



WE will not weep; for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
We will not doubt, — if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint, — if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for the past despair.

Oh, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending,
Sin, with its fears shall leave us at the last!
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us, when the death is past.

Help us, O Father! — when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend,
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness, — till the joyful end.



GOD! whom I as Love have known,
Thou hast sickness laid on me;
And these pains are sent of thee,
Under which I burn and moan.
Let them burn away the sin,
That too oft hath checked the love
Wherewith thou my heart wouldst move,
When thy Spirit works within!

In my weakness be thou strong,
Be thou sweet when I am sad;
Let me still in thee be glad,
Though my pains be keen and long.
All that plagues my body now,
All that wasteth me away,
Pressing on me night and day,
Love hath sent, for Love art thou!

Suffering is the work now sent.
Nothing can I do but lie
Suffering, as the hours go by;
All my powers to this are bent.
Suffering is my gain; I bow
To my heavenly Father's will,
And receive it hushed and still;
Suffering is my worship now.

HOLD *on* my heart in thy believing !
The steadfast only wins the crown.
He who when stormy winds are heaving,
Parts with his anchor, shall go down ;
But he who Jesus holds through all
Shall stand, though earth and heaven should fall.

Hold *in* thy murmurs, Heaven arraigning !
The patient sees God's loving face ;
Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,
'Tis they that win the Father's grace.
He wounds himself who braves the rod,
And sets himself to fight with God.

Hold *out* ! There comes an end to sorrow,
Hope from the dust shall conquering rise ;
The storm foretells a sunnier morrow ;
The cross points on to Paradise.
The Father reigneth ; cease all doubt,
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out.



WHATE'ER my God ordains is right ;
His will is ever just ;
Howe'er he orders now my cause,
I will be still and trust.
He is my God ;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall ;
Wherefore to him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
He never will deceive ;

He leads me by the proper path,
And so to him I cleave,
And take content,
What he hath sent ;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait his day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
He taketh thought for me ;
The cup that my Physician gives,
No poisoned draught can be,
But medicine due ;
For God is true ;
And on that changeless truth I build,
And all my heart with hope is filled.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink ;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day ;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
My Light, my Life, is he,
Who cannot will me aught but good ;
I trust him utterly ;
For well I know
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
Here will I take my stand,
Though sorrow, need, or death, make earth
For me a desert land.
My Father's care
Is round me there ;
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.

I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, almighty One, dost move,
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.

When fear her chilling mantle throws
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove ;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

Yes, God is love ; — a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love.

I CANNOT, cannot say —
Out of my bruised and breaking heart —
Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,
While blood-drops start
From every pore, as I drag on, —
“Thy will, O God, be done!”

I thought, but yesterday,
My will was one with God's dear will;
And that it would be sweet to say, —
Whatever ill
My happy heart should smite upon, —
“Thy will, my God, be done!”

But I was weak and wrong,
Both weak of soul and wrong of heart;
And Pride alone in me was strong,
With cunning art,
To cheat me in the golden sun,
To say, “God's will be done!”

O shadow, drear and cold,
That frights me out of foolish pride;
O flood, that through my bosom rolled
Its billowy tide;
I said, till ye your power made known,
“God's will, not mine, be done!”

Now, faint and sore afraid,
Under my cross — heavy and rude —
My idols in the ashes laid,
Like ashes strewed,
Thy holy words, my pale lips shun, —
“O God, thy will be done!”

Pity my woes, O God !
And touch my will with thy warm breath ;
Put in my trembling hand thy rod,
That quickens death ;
That my dead faith may feel thy sun,
And say, " Thy will be done ! "

ALL as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told !

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;
That whereso'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back ;

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;

That death seems but like a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ;

That care and trial seem at last
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast
In purple distance fair.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the weeping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home !
Sweet home !
Lord ! tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home !
Sweet home !
Lord ! tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home !
Sweet home !
Lord ! tarry not, but come.

ABIDE with me.. Fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness thickens ; Lord ! with me abide
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour, —
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me !

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless !
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me !

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee
In life, in death, O Lord ! abide with me.



MY God ! I know that I must die.
My mortal life is passing hence ;
On earth, I neither hope nor try
To find a lasting residence !
Then teach me by thy heavenly grace,
With joy and peace my death to face.

My God ! I know not *when* I die,
What is the moment or the hour, —
How soon the clay may broken lie,
How quickly pass away the flower ;
Then may thy child preparèd be,
Through time to meet eternity.

My God ! I know not *how* I die,
For death has many ways to come, —
In dark, mysterious agony,
Or gently as a sleep to some.
Just as thou wilt ! if but it be
Forever blessèd, Lord, with thee.

My God ! I know not *where* I die,
Where is my grave, beneath what strand,
Yet from its gloom I do rely
To be delivered by thy hand.
Content, I take what spot is mine,
Since all the earth, my Lord, is thine.

My gracious God ! when I must die,
Oh ! bear my happy soul above,
With Christ, my Lord, eternally
To share thy glory and thy love !
Then comes it right and well to me,
When, where, and how my death shall be.



How blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a trusting soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While guardian angels gently say,
" How blest the righteous when he dies ! "



Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power :
A Christian cannot die before his time ;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

Go to the grave ; at noon from labor cease ;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest work is done ;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home ; with thee the field is won.

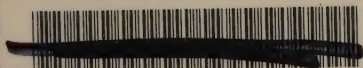
Go to the grave ; for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high ;

And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

Go to the grave, — no, to thy home above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.







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